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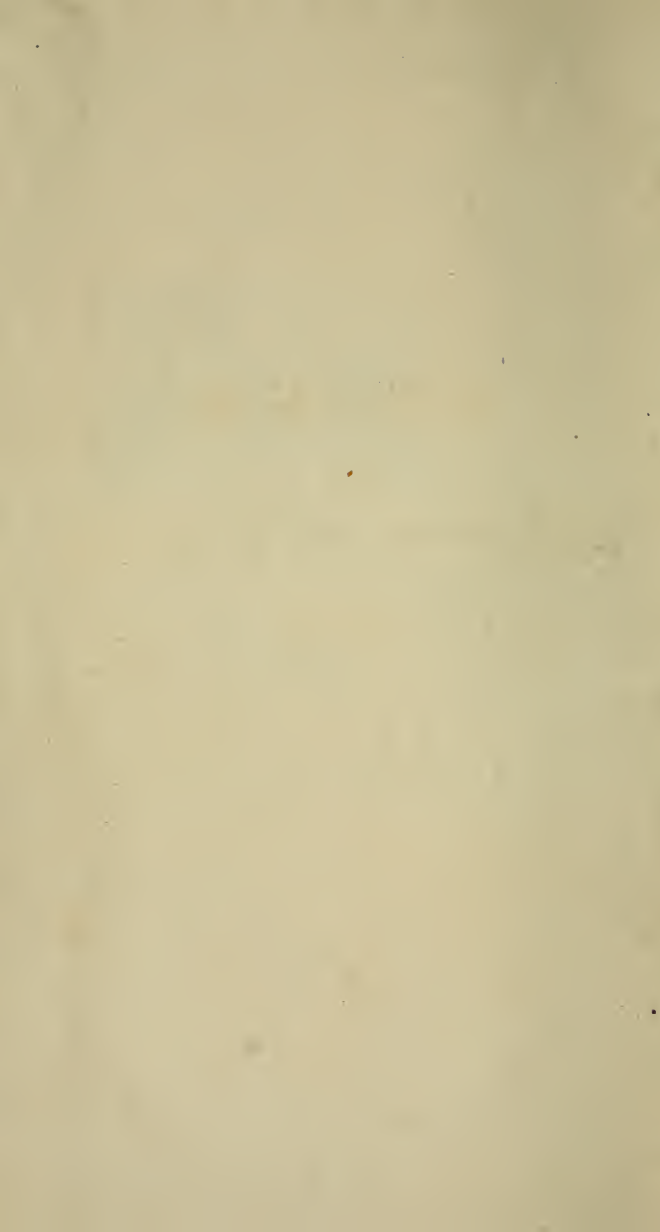
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CELINA;

OR,

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

VOL. I.

COLLIER

THE WEDDED BRIDE

CELINA;  
OR,  
THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

A NOVEL.  
FOUNDED ON FACTS.

---

BY SARAH ANN HOOK.

---

I'll shew thee friendship delicate as dear,  
Of tender violation apt to die ;  
Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy.  
Deliberate on all things with thy friend:

YOUNG.

---

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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L O N D O N :

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1802.



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HUMBLY DEDICATED

*TO THE PUBLIC.*

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**T**O a liberal and generous Public do I, with due deference and humble submission, Dedicate this little domestic Tale. That it will meet with favour and support, equal to its claims, from those just patronisers of unassuming merit, I rest assured.

The full conviction that public praise is impartial, and paid only to those whose works are worthy of it, fills me with a degree of diffidence, arising from a consciousness of my weak abilities, at the same time, it raises an ambitious and emulous desire to become a candidate for their patronage.

Although these pages may boast of but few beauties, those few the Author humbly claims, as she has carefully avoided plagiarism. She is fully sensible there are many faults, but she relies on an indulgent public ; many of her interested Readers, may disapprove of the disposal of some of the characters ; but she assures them it could not be otherwise.

This little Tale is founded on facts, and many of the incidents fell within the Author's knowledge ; though she may have taken the liberty of altering the time and place of some of them.

She is convinced, that at the moment of perusing the Work, the Reader would lay down the last Volume with more satisfaction had she placed her



Heroine in a happier situation ; but that would have led it wide of the facts from which it is wrote ; for the WIDOWED BRIDE is actually now in a dependent state, though the unkind relative of her lost husband (if he yet lives) is rolling in riches he cannot enjoy.

To my Friends and Patrons, I think it my duty thus to account for not marrying my Heroine, and taking my leave of her happily. It certainly is, in every Author's power, when they write from idea only, to bring about wonderful events, and it is most desirable to leave the Hero or Heroine in an enviable situation, after dragging them through perils and dangers unheard of.

If to bless his CELINA, the wanderer should return, the Author will

resume her pen, and give the Public a faithful account of his adventures ; but that is an event, however it may be wished, that can scarcely be hoped for, when we consider the number of years he has been an alien from his native country, which he would not have been from choice, while it was the residence of the object of his affections.

Until fortune favours my Heroine, and brings back the partner of her heart, and gives me an opportunity of writing another Dedication,

I remain

The Public's most obliged

And most Devoted

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

AN  
ADDRESS  
TO THE  
READER AND CRITIC.

---

IF the first page of this little Domestic Tale should happily attract the Reader's eye, should it create a desire to turn it over, and lead him through the succeeding chapters, if, when at the last, he takes out his watch and repents not that he has given up a few hours in perusing it, the Author's highest ambition will be fully gratified. She looks not for praise—that there is nothing to condemn is all she dare hope.

That the Reader may not sit down in high expectation of a delicious re-

past, he must recollect, that it is the first fruits of a female pen ; and the Author humbly entreats he will receive it favourably, with all its faults.

The Critic she tremblingly implores not to open these little Volumes, until he has divested himself of all the dreaded acrimonious particles that may be worked up in his composition.

The only antidote (within the Author's knowledge) against a severe criticism on the works of female writers, and which she humbly recommends to all critics, is, Take the whole circle of your female relatives and acquaintance, and place them before your mind's eye ; examine well their personal beauties ;

look tenderly at the soft languishing blue eye of one—observe the quick piercing black eye of a second—see how the loves dance in the dimpled cheek of a third—behold the sweet coral lips of a fourth—mark the graceful majestic air of a fifth—look also at every beauty and virtue of their minds, and draw a curtain over all their little foibles: take notice with what filial affection one supports her aged parents—forget not how another, by the profits arising from her amiable pen, has supported and brought up a fine family; and recollect, that many others are laudably employing their pens for the benefit of their families, and the innocent amusement of the public.

When your mind is thus encircled with the various beauties, virtues,

goodness, and painful perseverance of the amiable female, and your heart warmed, softened, and filled with veneration, admiration, and love for the sex, then begin your criticism—then read with a favourable eye and kind heart, the production of a weak female pen, and generously own with the Dramatist, “ We had been brutes without you.”

Then, by your remarks, hold every beautiful passage, every delicate moral sentiment to the public eye; but only hint, tenderly hint at our faults. Bid us no more “ lay down the pen and resume the distaff.”

You certainly will allow the female who spins a pretty tale for an evening’s amusement, and benefit of her family, to have as just a claim to



praise as her you call a good *housewife*, who spins yarn and knits stockings? Be grateful that through our unceasing exertions the laborious student has the salutary pleasure, in his hours of relaxation, of light agreeable reading, which unbends the wearied mind as effectually as a sofa rests the tired body.

The mind, like the stomach, if overloaded with heavy food, becomes debilitated, and can neither digest nor retain it: one substantial meal at noon, and a light delicate supper, has ever been esteemed healthful for both body and mind. Such light food for the mind be it ours to prepare, and yours to approve.

Not for myself alone do I ask of the terrific critic a kind forbearance

VOL. I. a

and protection, but for all female authors who now are employing, or may hereafter employ their pens for public favour. I trust my supplications will be heard, and in full hope that they will be granted,

I remain

The Reader and Critic's

Devoted Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.



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# CELINA, &c.

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That like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Alarms from far, yet as I follow flies;  
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
And find no sport of all this world my own. GOLDSMITH.

---

## CHAP. I.

THE sun rose with uncommon splendour, but was succeeded by a thick impenetrable mist, which threw a dusky yellow over every surrounding object. "This, my dear Celina," said Mary (at the same time pressing her hand which she held between her's), "this dismal morning is, I fear, a type of our lives. Our years of infancy and childhood have been like the early part of this morning, bright and unclouded, and like it, our maturer years are shaded with prospects dark and gloomy! this separation, my dear Celina, is the first trouble my heart ever knew, and the cruel forebodings of my mind tells me, it will be succeeded by many more."

"My dear *prophetic* friend," cried Celina, (at the same time returning the tender pres-

sure, as their hands still remained inclosed in each others,) “ you must endeavour to look on the bright side of all things. I trust, and hope, that your absence will be shorter than we have reason at this time to think it will.

“ If my dear Father could have been prevailed upon to part with his idolized child, I would have been the companion of your journey : but my weak arguments failed ; my tears, which involuntarily came to my aid, when I was entreating him to let me accompany you, had no effect. He, with a terrific look, reproached me with entertaining too great an attachment for my dear Mary.” After two or three hasty strides across the room, his countenance somewhat relaxed ; he resumed : “ I fear, Celina, the filial affection which is due to me, is much weakened by this romantic friendship between you and Mary ; besides, it is reprehensible in the extreme for a child to admit any attachment to take place in her breast, that may interfere with, or cause her to neglect, that duty which is due to her parent. You, my dear child, have no parent or friend on earth but me, that you have any claim on ; we are, or should be, all the world to each other. Nor have I any but you to partake of my joys, or sooth my sorrows ! none but

my Celina to cheer the gloomy evening of my declining years.

“Can you, my love, have a wish to leave your father, who is already reduced by grief to the imbecility of old age? By a *grief, strengthened by time, and daily renewed* by the growing beauties of your person, and the *opening virtues* of your mind; you are at once food for, and consolation to, my sorrows! As I behold the only pledge of our love grow up the very counterpart of her dear *fainted* mother, who has long since fled to her native heaven!” He could say no more! my dear Mary, tears stopped his utterance.

Nor need I tell you what I suffered during this pathetic expostulation. My Friend, and her expected long absence, so dreaded, were lost—forgot—buried in the greater affliction of seeing my dear Father unhappy; and what was still more heart piercing, rendered unhappy by me. It was too much, I could not bear the idea of being suspected neglectful of my duty to the best of fathers, and of men.

“I fell on my knees and implored his forgiveness, assuring him, I felt it was impossible for me to know any degree of felicity if he was displeased, or unhappy! He raised, and tenderly embracing me, and assured me

of his pardon. I returned much happier to my chamber than I had for many nights before; but this morning has brought its troubles with it; troubles which we both must conceal for our dear parent's sake.—My father will suspect my duty and affection are not entirely his.—Your's will be doubly afflicted by seeing you depart reluctantly and depressed." Thus were the afflicted friends engaged when the chaise drove up to the door which was to convey Mary from her Celina—from her parents—and from her native country. The sound of the wheels was as a passing bell to the ears and hearts of the two friends; their heads reclined on each others shoulder; their arms tenderly embracing, while their bosoms became the recipient of tears of genuine sorrow. The farewell was tender and affecting on all sides! Celina attended her friend to the chaise, and bid her adieu! while the tear of friendship rolled down her cheek, her eye followed the carriage till the winding of the street hid it from her view. She then flew to the chamber of her departed friend, and there relieved her swelling heart by shedding a flood of tears! and on her knees, offered up a fervent ejaculation for Mary's safety. Altho' Celina knew it was necessary for Mary's future good that she should leave her paternal roof, yet, in her prayers, she could not exclude the



selfish wish that something might happen to accelerate her return. When the first effusions of her grief, on parting with so dear a friend, had subsided, she went down to the parlour, where she found Mr. and Mrs. Guraville tolerably composed, she, after sitting a short time chatting of the adventurous Mary, took her leave in an affectionate manner, promising to visit often, and declaring she should wait with the utmost impatience for a letter, by which she hoped to be informed of her pleasant journey, and warm reception from the friends she was going to visit.

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“ Along the cool sequestered vale of Life,  
He kept the noiseless tenor of his way.”

---

GRAY.

## C H A P. II.

MR. Guraville was a gentleman possessed of a large independent fortune, married early in life to a lady naturally of an amiable disposition, but like many other daughters of misguided parents, her temper was subverted by over indulgence. In the nursery she was never contradicted, let her wayward fancy lead her to ask for what it might; when under the tuition of a governess, she ruled, rather than was ruled; when at a maturer age, she was initiated in the punctilios of receiving and making visits, and was introduced to the great world, she grew extravagant, haughty, and impetuous; every wish must be gratified as soon as formed. It was not in Mr. Guraville's power to check her expensive turn, naturally of a passive disposition, and feeling the tenderest affection for Mrs. Guraville, he, till it was too late, was blinded by blandishments to which she would sometimes stoop, her faults appeared merits, or, at worst, were only inattentions; nor would it have



been possible for any one person to have convinced him of his weakness and folly.

Till his steward's repeated declarations, that his income was by no means adequate to the expences of his family, awakened these fears which were some years before excited by the delicate cautions of some friends tenderly solicitous for his happiness, who, soon after his marriage, discovered that Mrs. Guraville's prevalent passion was admiration—adulation—pomp—shew—and extravagance, which they foresaw was inimical to his domestic peace, and pecuniary concerns. He treated their cautions as needless, and love, blinded love! laid dormant those fears that his friends, with a view to his good, had in some degree awakened.

The good steward, with tears in his eyes, entreated him in the most tender and respectful manner to project some method of retrenching the family expences, though he knew it would be a difficult and unpleasing task for his dear master to perform; but something must be done; and who dare hint to his lady the state of their affairs? who carry the dreadful news! that she must be deprived of many of those superfluous and numerous luxuries she had for so long a time enjoyed!

Even Mr. Guraville himself trembled at the idea of being the unwelcome messenger of such cruel tidings.

At length, roused in some degree from the apathy he had for years indulged, he fixed an early day for enquiring into the state of his affairs, and desired Woodman to prepare his accounts.

A few hours were sufficient for this good man to produce them; he was scrupulously exact in his accounts; so conscientiously just in all his transactions, that his receipts and disbursements were ever ready for inspection. The day arrived, and Mr. Guraville would gladly have deferred the unpleasing business, but Woodman, anxious to have it settled, and some plan of œconomy finally fixed on, carried his accounts into the study previous to Mr. Guraville's hour of rising. On entering the study his heart sunk at the sight of those papers he was about to inspect, and his folly stood glaringly before him. He inveighed bitterly against himself for his imprudent and mistaken indulgence, for blindly adhering to all his Myra's extravagance, and now, not only his wife, but his dear, his beloved children, would feel the fatal effects of his weakness, "they, sweet innocents, they are implicated in my ruin!"

Thus did he give ease to an almost bursting heart. In such like self reproaches and bitter reflections did he pass the time, till the entrance of the steward put an end to the painful soliloquy; after a minute examination of

all the accounts, he felt satisfied with the clearness and exactness of them, and was well convinced of the honour and integrity of his steward.

Mr. Guraville was inexpressibly shocked when he saw, by the receipts, the tight rein that had been kept over his tenants; none had, for some years past, been suffered to remain one quarter in arrears; and a blush dyed his cheek when the thought came across his mind, that he was some years back in his payment with his tradesmen.

After a long conference with Woodman, it was judged necessary and expedient to sell a large estate he had in Wiltshire, and with the money arising from the sale to pay all the just demands of his creditors. Lutherdale Hall, the estate on which he resided, was entailed on his son, the selling of that was out of the question, tho' it was his wish, in preference to Blair Abby, as it was the smallest.

After coming to this resolution, he felt his mind more at ease; he gave Woodman orders to make the necessary preparations for the sale; also, to inform his creditors, that their demands would be shortly satisfied. He was no sooner left alone, than the horrors of his situation struck him with full force! the greatest trial was yet to come.—A task he felt himself unequal to.

Unfortunately Mr. Guraville was a man of character; a false fear of displeasing made him at all times diffident in supporting his opinion, both in public parties, and domestic altercation. A desire of pleasing all is a mark of weakness and mutability in the best disposition, tho' it generally procures its possessor the epithet of a good-natured man, and it may be esteemed a delicate and amiable weakness, yet it should in some degree be overcome, and a steadiness of conduct take place, to form a manly strength of character.

Mr. Guraville knew and felt that his Myra had full possession of his heart;—that he had no will but *her's*;—that his arguments had no weight when opposed to her inclination; he knew also, that the least hint at the necessity of contracting her expences, and giving up a great part of the pomp and splendour she had been so long accustomed to move in, would cause a tumult in her breast almost insupportable. It would be a blow at the leading passion of her soul. He feared lest it should raise a distraction in her mind, and that she would pour a torrent of invectives on his devoted head. It was some time before he could come to any resolution; at last, he judged it best to communicate the sad tidings by letter. He was well aware of his own instability, and how soon all his resolves would



vanish at her dissenting voice—a look of discontent would alarm him—a few precious drops from her fascinating eyes would dissolve him at once to a tender compliance to her will; by letter only could he converse with her on this disagreeable subject—by letter he could reason, nay, even insist on a compliance with her measures, but dared not to venture on a personal discussion of the subject.

He sat down, wrote, then blotted it out; wrote again; it would not do. The perturbation of his mind was too great; his soul too much oppressed to commit to paper the state of his affairs—the feelings of his heart, and the steps he was about to take, in such form as would be best to meet the eye, and least hurt the feelings, or rather pride, of the woman his heart doated on.

He deferred it till the next day, and took a walk in the new plantation he was rearing till the hour of dinner, to compose his mind, least the conflict in his breast should be visible in his countenance.

Had he met none but his Myra at table the precaution had been needless, as she was at all times too much taken up in contemplating her own beauties ever to observe the marks of joy or sorrow in her husband.

At dinner, Mr. Guraville appeared with all the cheerfulness it was in his power to assume,

while his heart felt the most poignant distress. After the ceremony of taking their seats at table, Mr. Guraville found himself seated opposite to all his heart held dear; his recent ills were nearly forgotten.

Mrs. Guraville was in high good humour, which added lustre to her fine eyes, and illumined her countenance, while a beautiful glow of health tinged her lovely cheek; one dimple near her mouth, in which the loves played whenever she smiled, which she never failed to do in the most fascinating manner on all around when seated at the head of a splendid table, surrounded by obsequious flatterers of both sexes.

Mr. Guraville felt some degree of happiness at seeing his Myra so completely so; it was enough for him that she was happy, no matter from whence it flowed.

Yet he with difficulty suppressed the rising sigh, when the painful thought obtruded on his mind, that that pleasant liveliness—that enchanting gaiety of manners—that happiness would be damped—would soon and inevitably receive a shock—it was dreadful to think on, and that shock must come from him! Cruel task! how should he begin? In what terms couch the unpleasant tale? or convey to her eye and ear that which must give a mortal stab to her pride, and most likely her peace! A woman of strong passions, and governed

only by those passions, it will be raising a whirlwind in her bosom, which may carry her on to a rage almost bordering on madness. Was she possessed of the least share of fortitude—could she bear the ills of life with any degree of temper—ills brought on by her own extravagance and love of pleasure, all might yet be well.

While these reflections were passing in his mind, he betrayed an absence to the company not very pleasing in the master of the table. Luckily the party being small, and mostly gentlemen, their attentions were entirely engaged by the fashionable small talk which fell from the pretty lisping tongue of the lady of the house, who was looked up to as an oracle by all, in particular by Mr. Wingrove, a young man of about five-and-twenty, only son of a man of large fortune, resident about six miles from Lutherdale Hall.

Mr. Wingrove had passed the greatest part of his time in the kennel and stable—the hours of improvement flew neglected and unregarded; he had never made his bow but twice a year at the assize ball, till he became the favourite of Mrs. Guraville, which was at the last assize ball. He being the finest looking young man in the room, she gave him her hand for the night.

of reason, or reflected one moment on the truth or probability of such a report.

Lady Foible, he would say, has discretionary powers, and I trust she will never act against the peace of our domestic state—nor would it lessen in the smallest degree her estimation in the great world in which she moved—the *little*, but more *conscientious* world, was too *insignificant* to render their opinions of the least consequence; her only fear was, that it should reach the ears of a prudish maiden aunt, who had made a will in her favour; but would certainly erase her name, should the least suspicion of an impropriety of conduct in her niece be awakened in her mind. The knowledge of so strange and fastidious a humour in this much dreaded maiden aunt, had a powerful effect on his Lordship, and obliged him tacitly to submit to many little gallantries, on the part of his lady, which he secretly wished to reprove. Often did the buzz of scandal reach his ear, which he silenced by contemptuous disbelief. So *powerful* and *irresistible* a sway did the *love of money* hold over the heart of this *pusillanimous wretch*!

If the poor shivering mortal, who is suffering under the dreadful pressure of want and misery, should by any illegal means make himself master of another's property,



he is condemned as criminal, and doomed to an ignominious death!

The unprotected female, on whose infantine years fortune smiled, who, in the dreadful carnage of war, lost her sole dependance—her dear and only protector! and by an insidious friend is led on imperceptibly to the paths of vice, there left friendless and alone! thus desolate—no alternative but the paths before her to gain subsistence for the present hour, and at which her soul recoils with horror and disgust!

She, the unfortunate victim of treachery and self-gratification, is spurned from society, and loaded with ignominy! despised by the more fortunate, tho' *perhaps* not more *innately* virtuous of her sex, and pitied only by the men!

Yet this venal Lord, and more vitiated Lady, are held in high esteem by the great world. Still this honourable senator—this hireling, who avows no principles in politics but such as fall from the mouth of the minister, who has sold his conscience for a sinecure, and shuts his eyes to the gallantries of his wife, with a view to enlarging his fortune—is received in the first circles of fashion—is looked up to as a father and protector of that body of people he represents, and as a joint regulator of our laws, and guardian of our liberties.

of reason, or reflected one moment on the truth or probability of such a report.

Lady Foible, he would say, has discretionary powers, and I trust she will never act against the peace of our domestic state—nor would it lessen in the smallest degree her estimation in the great world in which she moved—the *little*, but more *conscientious* world, was too *insignificant* to render their opinions of the least consequence; her only fear was, that it should reach the ears of a prudish maiden aunt, who had made a will in her favour; but would certainly erase her name, should the least suspicion of an impropriety of conduct in her niece be awakened in her mind. The knowledge of so strange and fastidious a humour in this much dreaded maiden aunt, had a powerful effect on his Lordship, and obliged him tacitly to submit to many little gallantries, on the part of his lady, which he secretly wished to reprove. Often did the buzz of scandal reach his ear, which he silenced by contemptuous disbelief. So *powerful* and *irresistible* a sway did the *love of money* hold over the heart of this *pusillanimous wretch*!

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Such then, Supreme Disposer of Events, is thy permission. The necessitous sinner is punished to the end of his being, while the titled villain struts and basks in the sunshine of popularity, and riots in luxury, acquired by his mean servility, and prostitution of his principles. Nor is his hand always staid from deeper crimes, while his power can strangle justice.

“A letter from my master, Madam,” said the valet, as he delivered it.” From your Master, Weldon! What can he write about?”

“I had orders to wait for an answer, Madam.” “I shall read it presently, and send an answer by Williams.”

When the matter in debate was finished, turban tried on—it was becoming; the feathers played delightfully. Full of the idea how much it would be admired, she turned carelessly towards the letter, which had been nearly forgotten in the arduous and more essential business of the toilette, Mrs. Guraville opened, and read as follows:

“MY DEAR MYRA,

NEVER till this moment did I feel the least reluctance to address you. Every hour of my life that has been spent with, or in any employment for you, have appeared to me the most precious and delightful: the subject on which I am under

the necessity of addressing you, renders the task painful. Dreadful thought! that my pen is doomed to mark and convey such truths, as will both affect and shock you in the extreme; but I hope the steady firmness that has hitherto marked your character will not forsake you; you have ever evinced a wonderful strength of mind and firmness of resolution, and on many trying and tender occurrences, you have so disguised your feelings, that the most discerning eye could not observe your sensibility affected.

Now, my dearest Myra, is the hour of trial; now is the time that that strength of mind, and firmness of resolution must be expected. Summon all the heroism you are mistress of to your aid, bear up against the coming storm with fortitude and resignation.

If we take a just retrospection of our past lives we cannot accuse fortune—the fault is in ourselves; we knew our income, and that should have bounded our expences. It is past—and all in our power now is to retrench in our future expenditure. Our estate at Blair Abbey must be sold to pay our too long neglected creditors, and endeavour to recompence the injury done our dear children by an unremitted attention to their education.

It is our duty now to contract their idea of extravagance, and teach them humility and œconomy, by practising it ourselves!



I fear we shall have little left from the sale of our estate, when every bill is paid.

This estate of Lutherdale our dear boy may claim when of age. It is necessary therefore for us, to lay down a plan for our future lives, that we may have some little independence for our support, when he shall demand this of us.

Alas! our dear girls! but no more. Read this over, and endeavour to calm the perturbation it must cause in your mind: if in a few hours you feel enough at ease to talk and consult with me over the wreck of our fortune, I will attend you in your dressing-room.

I shall not presume to break in upon your privacy, but shall anxiously wait the coming of your mandate.

Your affectionate Husband,

HENRY GURAVILLE."

These tender preparatory lines alarmed Mrs. Guraville—her heart throbbed—a painful tremour pervaded every nerve—her eyes had scarcely run over the contents, ere each faculty seemed suspended; her hands fell involuntarily on her lap, and she was lost to herself for some moments.

Williams did not distinctly hear the message when Weldon delivered the letter, and seeing her lady in a lifeless state, judged it

was occasioned by an unpleasant letter from some favoured gallant, and hoping to profit by the discovery; her first care was to peruse the paper that had fallen from her mistress's hand. How great was her chagrin and disappointment to find that the cause of her sudden illness was a derangement in their pecuniary affairs. A deep and piercing groan from her lady disturbed this paragon of virtue and humanity, from her selfish reverie. Respiration returning, a copious shower of tears came to her relief. As soon as the Abigail saw that her lady had recovered her senses of hearing and seeing, she in a most obsequious manner enquired what was the matter with her dear lady. That nasty, cruel letter, must contain horrid news. What monster could write it to give pain to so sweet a lady? how cruel! Here the loquacious Abigail was interrupted by—Cruel indeed Williams. Again some hysterical symptoms appeared, and Williams had recourse to the hartshorn. After repeated struggles of grief, rage, and shame, Mrs. Guraville grew calmer, and began to call reason to her aid. When Mrs. Williams thought her lady was in a state to listen, she began most violently to imprecate the writer of the letter. But here again the viper was foiled in her arts. Her mistress stopped her short in the midst of her speech, and desired to be

left alone, with more anger and sternness in her manner than she had ever before shewn.

Williams obeyed the command with no small degree of anger depicted in her countenance, which already wore strong and evident marks of the daily libations she offered to the rosy god. Crossing the gallery which led to her own room, she met Mr. Guraville, who had been anxiously pacing it ever since Weldon delivered the letter.

Struck with the sight of Williams, the purple bloom of her countenance received a higher glow from the irritated state of her mind. She resembled the fury Megæra rather than the delicate attendant of a lady.

Mr. Guraville stopped her with, "What is the matter Williams?" "I know not, nor am I by my mistress thought worthy of knowing any thing; she has treated me as if I was the dish washer of the family, instead of her woman. I am sure the last dear lady I served, that good angel Lady Foible, would not have used me so."

"Used you how? What do you mean? your mistress could not use you, or any of her servants ill."

Mrs. Williams's accommodating tears began to flow, and she again blubbered forth, "Oh! my dear lady Foible! would to God I had never left your service, I was her



confident—her friend; used for to carry all her billy dous and letters, and kept all her secrets.”

“Ho! ho! Mrs. Williams, very possible, but your present mistress has no secrets for her servant’s ear.”

“So you may think Sir, but take my word, and you’ll one day or other be made to know better.” She then walked hastily to her room, and escaped the severe reproof she so justly merited. Unable any longer to support that state of anxiety and suspense, and not chusing to send the insulting Williams, he wrote a tender note, requesting to know how his dear Myra was, and when she would permit him to wait on her; sent it by Weldon, on whose love and fidelity he could depend.

Mrs. Guraville took the note, and desired Weldon to come in half an hour for an answer.

On the first reading of the letter, the unexpected, unwelcome contents harrowed up her very soul—it shook every nerve, and threw her mind in dreadful tumult, from which she had much recovered. She then read the letter over repeatedly, and found it replete with tenderness; not one reproach or accusation, which she secretly felt she deserved; and in the debate with herself, owned that she had imprudently run into

extravagances, which however wrong they might appear to her husband, his excessive fondness for her prevented him denying. On a minute retrospection of her past life, since her marriage with Mr. Guraville, she saw and felt all her imprudencies. She also felt with a painful gratitude the extreme tenderness and indulgence with which he had always treated her.

“If you, my dear Henry, sighed she, had been less indulgent, we might have been more happy, or at least more affluent.

“I have been to blame. I have ever been violent in my attachment to shew—absolute and extravagant in my pleasures—fullen and gloomy if disappointed in the least trifle. I will endeavour to soften the turbulence of my temper, and by my future conduct atone for the past.”

She had thus far tranquilized her mind, and by a just reflection on the past, taught herself this useful lesson—of resignation and humility.

When Weldon brought the note to which she promised an answer in half an hour, Mrs. Guraville then wrote the following note:

“Many thanks for your kind solicitation. I am quite well, hope you will allow me to take my dinner alone. I will prepare to receive you at tea in my dressing room. Let

me beg of you to perform my duties in the nursery this morning in visiting the dear children—I cannot support the sight of them—their innocent looks will reproach me for my past misconduct till I have obtained the forgiveness of their father.—Write an excuse to Mr. Wingrove, I am engaged to dine there to-day.”

Weldon was punctual; at the expiration of the half hour he received the note, and conveyed it to his master. Notwithstanding the brevity of the note, the perusal of it affected him sensibly;—the self conviction,—the indirect supplication for his pardon, and tender mention of their children, overpowered him. Tears that are said to disgrace the cheek of an hero are often amiable in the eyes of a husband or father, relieved his aching heart—they were delicious tears!—tears shed at the painful recollection of the agonizing struggles in the bosom of his Myra! and also, at the opening prospects of enjoying permanent domestic happiness—he cheered himself with the hope of possessing a greater share of her confidence, company, and love!—They were tears of surprise and joy at the unexpected calmness and humility with which she answered his letter, from which he was convinced that all her former faults and imprudencies were not the effects of a bad heart, but a wrong educa-

tion. He sincerely exulted that the tender and gentle manner in which he had discovered the state of their affairs to her, and had not thrown the least shadow of blame on her;—should these have awakened her sensibility! he saw she stood self convicted, and felt grateful that he had spared her. These, and such-like reflections, together with an hour spent with the children, filled up the time till the hour of tea.

He obeyed the summons to Mrs. Guraville's dressing room in an agitation not to be described nor imagined, but by those who have tenderly loved, and have the bitter reflection of having given pain, however unavoidable, to the objects of their tenderest affections; such may paint in glowing colours, the true picture of Mr. Guraville's mind.

But those cold, frigid, unfeeling mortals, who never felt the delicious sentiments of friendship!—The tender chain that unites sympathetic souls,—nor that noble, generous, heaven-born passion, love!—to such I despair of giving any idea of the exquisitely tender feelings of this amiable man!

Enviably mortal! whose bosom is filled with that celestial passion. It harmonizes the soul, softens the heart, enlarges the ideas, gives a liberality to the sentiments, exalts mankind, and assimilates them to the Gods.

## C H A P III.

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“ Then farewell night of darkness now,

“ Joy breaks, shines, triumphs in eternal day ; no more

“ Shall that which rises out of nought complain

“ Of a few evils paid with endless joys.”      YOUNG.

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MR. Guraville entered the room with placid joy, his eyes beaming tenderness and pity, heightened by hope and love.

MRS. Guraville turned from the door as she heard it open—covered her face with her hand : he walked hastily towards her, and gently pressed the other, which she held out to him, with evident agitation ; She scarcely articulated, “ do not reproach me,” then fainted in his arms :—it was a painful sight to this truly good man.—When MRS. Guraville’s thoughts reverted to the great change that was unavoidably and immediately to take place in her family ; and that she had for years past blazoned forth a bright meteor in the West, her companions dancing round her mere satellites, and that she now must fall into obscurity—her soul sickened—her heart sunk ;—a death-like coldness pervaded her whole frame, which sent the purple streams



to their source, and left her a lifeless statue.

The fainting fit at Mr. Guraville's appearance was not altogether the effect of sorrow and contrition; disappointed pride had some share—yet she was now to be held in an amiable light. A woman high born, of strong passions, never accustomed to reflect on the past, or look forward to the future, to whose wishes or pleasures no bounds had ever been set; she had but to command and was obeyed. This high born, misled woman was, by the tender admonitions of a worthy husband, taught to see her errors, and was willing to correct them; yet the task was hard, and required time and resolution. Happily Mr. Guraville was one of the few men in the world best qualified to assist that resolution—his tenderness, and constant good humour, kept her gratitude awake, and to her delicate mind was a tender reproach.

As soon as Mrs. Guraville was perfectly recovered, so as to converse with some degree of composure, she drew the chair close to her husband, and in a tender manner, but with a firmness in her tone, which shewed it was the prudent resolution of her heart; said,

“ Believe me, my dear Henry, the shock your letter gave me this morning exceeded all I ever felt; though, I must own, it was

written in the tenderest style possible. I feel, and acknowledge, I have been the great and principal cause of the revolution that must now take place in our family; I am willing to use every exertion, and do all in my power to retrench and make some small amends for my past extravagance; and make the best of the small remains of a once splendid fortune." Here tears and sighs stopped her utterance.

Mr. Guraville did not endeavour to prevent them, judging they would relieve her; he pressed her tenderly in his arms, declaring, if his affection for her could admit of any addition, it was now heightened to admiration by this extreme sensibility.—She looked her thanks, and resumed, "When the estate is sold, and our affairs settled, you will, by an exact calculation, know what our yearly income will be; then lay down a plan of œconomy for our future expences, and I promise you I will accede to it. You never were a niggard; and I shall rest assured that every pleasure in your power will yet be mine. Our dear children's future happiness must first be thought of, and my whims and pleasures hereafter be a secondary consideration."

"My dear Myra, to find you so resigned and tranquil is a proof of the greatness of your mind, and the nobleness of your soul. The estate will be sold next week—Wood-



man has orders about it, and sets off to-morrow ; when that is over, and our creditors satisfied, I shall take no step without consulting you."

Tea was brought, and they sipped it, if not in perfect happiness, in a calm serenity, unknown to them before, and a sort of happiness they never till now felt : a happiness arising from a confidence which, till then, they never felt in each other.

After tea they ordered the children to be brought ; with them they spent the evening in the garden and pleasure grounds till the dew fell. Eliza, the youngest, a charming little girl about five years old, was sent to the nursery to bed. Mary, a fine sensible girl, who had just attained her thirteenth year, and Henry, the eldest, were admitted into their mamma's dressing-room to eat some fruit ; an indulgence they never before enjoyed, which exhilarated their spirits to such a height, that they gave way to all their native playfulness and school tricks, which so delighted their mamma, and so drew her out of herself, or rather into the mother, that to play with them was irresistible—the good father joined with double pleasure, seeing that his Myra's heart sincerely partook in their innocent romps.

After the children, highly gratified, had received the parental kiss and blessing, they retired for the night ; Mrs. Guraville de-

clared she had never past an evening with so much real pleasure and satisfaction.

The next morning Mrs. Guraville desired to see the steward before he set out on his journey, which summons he obeyed, after receiving his full credentials from his master; from whom he heard with heartfelt pleasure, with what calm resignation his mistress bore this sad reverse of fortune, and with what ingenuousness she owned herself to be the cause of that sad change. The good old man, as he went along the gallery, wiped away an involuntary tear that intruded in his eyes, but he found it was only to give place to more; and he felt it impossible to appear before his mistress till he had yielded to the womanish impulse.

He loved his master to a degree of enthusiasm, having spent his life in the family.—His mistress he loved, because his master loved her, and because she was his mistress; yet he had long seen her faults; but for the children he felt more than a grandfire's affection: at length he approached the dressing room.

“How do you do, Woodman? you are going on a melancholy commission.”

“Yes, Madam; I am sorry to be so employed.” (Here the old man's eyes again betrayed the feelings of his heart, and he again wiped them with a trembling hand.) Seeing his spirits thus depressed did not con-

tribute to raising her's, and his tears were contagious.

“There are some few things, Woodman, at Blair Abby, I should like to have packed up and sent here.

“The family pictures in the great hall, which I had moved there when my father died, my brother not caring much for them, or any of the family, gave them to me.”

“Yes, Madam; I remember well I had the removal of them. Oh, dear! 'tis well the worthy gentleman is not sensible of the sad cause of this removal.”

“Say no more of that, Woodman, I hope no one will feel the *effects* of that course but myself.” This Mrs. Guraville uttered, with a petulance unusual to her, and a look unkind.

“My honoured Madam, I mean not to offend. I beg you will forgive an old man's garrulity;—my heart, always prompts the speech, and my honest tongue speaks it, before my old head corrects it.”

“Enough, my good old man,” answered Mrs. Guraville, in a kinder tone. “I know you are a true friend to your master, and I cannot take any thing wrong that you say; I am perfectly sensible of the goodness of your heart.”

“Ah, Madam! why say you that I am my master's friend so pointedly? Am I not your friend also? God knows my heart, and

knows how fervently I love the name of Guraville! Your dear children!—charming cherubs! they are my only delight!

These tender effusions, from the honest hearted Woodman, greatly affected Mrs. Guraville; she felt the weight and truth of his words, assured him she had ever held him in the light of an humble friend rather than a dependent.—“We must now, Woodman, endeavour to forget the past, and turn all our thoughts and care on the future. Happiness is still within our reach. Here is a list of what I wish to have sent here. I hope you will have a safe journey. Take care of yourself. Do not, from an idea of œconomy, fatigue yourself, or injure your health. But remember, that to be at this time deprived of your advice and assistance would be an irreparable loss to us; therefore, observe what I say, Woodman, and be as great an œconomist of your health as you have ever been of our money.”

The good man took his leave with a bow of gratitude, highly delighted with the condescending manner in which his Lady finished the discourse, assuring her he would well observe her kind directions, and immediately left Lutherdale Hall, proceeding with all possible speed to Blair Abby.

In the absence of the Steward, Mr. Guraville and his Myra were chiefly employed in forming plans for their future lives; but



nothing could be fixt on until the return of Woodman.

During this pause of domestic business at Lutherdale Hall, their felicity seemed to increase, which added to the natural flow of spirits, and good temper of Mr. Gurnville; he, with double ardour and affection, attended to every look and wish of his Myra, who at the same time felt that delightful, substantial happiness in the company of her husband and her children, which she had hitherto hoped to find in the dissipated circles of the great; but she now was convinced, could no where be found but in the bosom of her family—in the fond attention of a worthy husband, and the playful innocent caresses of her children. When she reflected on her past mispent time and money, she turned appall'd from the retrospection, and blessed the state of comparative indigence to which she was reduced—it caught her from the whirlpool of dissipation, in which she was nearly sinking—set her sailing down the clear rippling brook of conjugal happiness, with a tender husband for a pilot, of whose value she was, till now, insensible, and had treated with indifference and neglect.

So forcibly did she feel the reproofs of her conscience, and so ardently did she wish to make restitution, that she was in danger of falling into the other extreme—

from a very refractory wife to a very obedient one. Happily for her, Mr. Guraville was a man who did not exact abject servility from a wife—he did not hold good that part of the Alcoran, that places women on a level with the dumb animals of the field—he did not *dare* to suppose that the all-wise Creator intended that the most beautiful, the most angel-like part of his creation, should be held in less estimation than *self*-important man. No, no; he would say, when he was enquiring the matter, he certainly placed them with man as his monitors—his mirrors! Has he not formed them in the fairest mould? Has he not given them the majesty of gods, blended with the softness of angels? Has he not endowed them with minds capacious and noble; strong intellects, clear perception, extensive and elegant ideas—and as an indubitable proof that they are many degrees nearer perfection than man, do they not bear misfortunes and sickness with the resignation of saints; and do they not love with unshaken constancy, and constitute our greatest felicity. You are more than our co-equals—you are man's superiors. Do not men feel a certain degree of abjectness, an inexpressible awe when in the presence of virtuous women, till the dignified smile of sense and modesty warms the chill that virtue and superiority casts over them,

and makes them feel (though they will not at all times acknowledge it), that they live but in the sunshine of their smiles !

Happy indeed was it for Mrs. Guraville that such was his tenet—such his system of faith in women, or she, like many other unfortunate obedient wives, would have become his slave ; but he knew the true dignity of woman, and none under his care could ever fall from it.

At the end of the third week Woodman returned, having sold the estate and furniture, except the few things his mistress desired him to have reserved. The morning after his arrival he attended his master in the study, gave him a full account of the sale ; also, that Lord Winnington's lawyer would wait on him in the course of the following week to have a conveyance executed. Lord Winnington desired his compliments, that he should leave Wiltshire in a few days to spend some time in Devonshire, before he returned to town, and would pay his respects at Lutherdale Hall.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Guraville would gladly have dispensed with his visit, yet it was some consolation, that it was at least some weeks before his Lordship intended them that honour, and they hoped by that time their arrangement would be made, and they should be able to receive and entertain, with some degree of complacency, a Nobleman whose



affluence enabled him to purchase and enjoy that elegant house and estate which once were their's, but which their misconduct had obliged them to sell.

In a few days all the tradesmen's bills were collected and arranged for payment. The sum remaining from the sale of Blair Abby was very small, and in a council held, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Guraville and Woodman, it was agreed, that the coach must be laid down, and all the horses disposed of except three, one to run in the chaise and two for saddle horses; three men and two women servants were also to be discharged. The next trial was, which of the servants should go—they were all good, and willing to undertake any other department in the house rather than leave it; but Mr. Guraville, with his usual goodness, settled the matter. He ordered the three men he intended to part with to remain at Lutherdale Hall until they got places, and paid them half a year's wages in advance; the women servants he left to his Myra to act as she thought fit.

When Mrs. Guraville retired to dress, after the consultation was concluded, she told Williams the alteration that was taking place in the family. She affected surprise, tho' in fact she had, by peeping, prying, and listening (qualifications extremely commendatory to a lady's waiting wo-

man), made herself acquainted with every change and circumstance that had, or was likely to take place in the family.

“ Indeed, Madam, I am extremely concerned at hearing this dismal news: and can you, Madam, consent to live in this horrid house all the winter?—to be cooped up all the long evenings by the fire side: and if you attempt to go out in that little chair you will be froze to death. I am sure it will be monstrous shocking!”

“ Yes, Williams, I *have* consented. It does not suit us to keep a coach at present, and I had rather spend the winter *here* without one than in *town*; besides, I must pay more attention to my children than I have hitherto done: it is my duty!”—“ Duty! la, Ma’m!—Well I am sure you are strangely altered since I first had the honour of waiting on you: besides, Ma’m, if you will go to town for the winter, Mr. Wingrove’s carriage will be always at your service: for he is a going to town to stay all the winter, and he intends to have his carriage there.”

“ Mr. Wingrove! Williams, What do you mean?”

“ Why, Ma’m, he told me so himself.”—

“ Told *you* so—my God!”

“ Yes, indeed, Ma’m: he, by some means or other has heard of your misfortune, which to be sure is a shocking thing for so sweet a lady to meet with—and so he said—and

said, Ma'm, as how he loved you, and that all his fortune was at your service ; that he would lay it at your feet, and that all the pleasures of London should be your's, so that he might but have the happiness of attending you. And, M'am, he gave me this letter to deliver to you ; but I never till now found you in a humour to deliver it before."

" Nor am I now. How dare you to meet Mr. Wingrove, or any man, and converse of me to them ?—and in whose service did you learn the scandalous practice of receiving and conveying letters privately to your mistress. I insist upon it, that you *instantly* carry this back to the wretch that gave it you : tell him, that although I have been careless and prodigal of my husband's fortune, yet his honour I have ever guarded as a sacred trust :—then prepare yourself to leave this house."

The petrified Abigail was rivetted to the spot she stood on : as soon as she had a little recovered from her surprise, she laid down the letter, saying, she did not care to take back the letter ; but she would willingly prepare to leave the house—quitted the room.

Mrs. Guraville was astonished at the impudence and depravity of her woman—she was still more surprised and uneasy to know what of her past conduct had evinced that levity of heart which a man must believe a

woman to possess before he dare offer her such an insult. In this case, what could she do?—the letter lay before her—how should she send it back, to give it to Mr. Gura-ville she dared not think of, tho' naturally of a passive disposition, yet he was tremblingly alive to the least insult offered to his honour. Propriety told her she ought not to keep any circumstance a secret from him.—Was he not her guardian and protector—the champion of her honour and his own? Yet if she revealed this affair, a duel might ensue—The thought was dreadful. It was but a few days since she knew the full value of that life which, if she acted with that ingenuoufness she ought to do, would be in danger. In this case she thought secrecy, nay even duplicity, would be a virtue, and determined to inclose the letter in a blank paper, direct it and send it by the groom.

This done, she rung the bell for the nursery maid to assist her in arranging her dress, and having paid Williams her demands, dismissed her—(after reasoning with her, and painting in glowing colours the impropriety of her conduct; which was lost on the depraved Williams, who had long been a net used by many an artful poacher to catch unsuspecting innocence, and had too often been successful.)

## C H A P. IV.

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“ But if in searching round this world we find,  
Some generous youth, the friend of all mankind;  
Whose anger, like the bolts of Jove, is sped  
In terrors only to the guilty head;  
Whose love, like heaven's dew, refreshing fall,  
In general love, and charity to all.”      CHURCHILL.

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WHEN Mr. Wingrove received the letter, and knowing the superscription to be Mrs. Guraville's, his heart danced with extacy, and his vanity told him, it was an answer favourable to his wishes. Judge of his disappointment, when, on breaking the seal, he found his letter returned unopened, his pride and vanity received a stab—he raved, cursed, and uttered the most horrid imprecations, and was a perfect madman, when, on reflecting a while, he felt some consolation in knowing that the attempt he had made was unknown to all his acquaintance, and to all the world, except the lady and her woman; the one, he judged would not speak of it from a motive of virtuous pride; the other, he knew, could be silenced by a well-timed bribe. To be bantered by his newly ac-



quired friends in London was not to be supported, at having failed with a scornful beauty! Had he succeeded, his fame would have been established for ever with the women, and he would have been the envy of the men. He wished the world to suppose, that his attractions were such that no woman could resist his importunities, and that he was well with all he choose to address.

Soon after Mr. Wingrove received the letter, he heard from his valet that Mrs Williams was discharged from Lutherdale Hall, for what reason could not be guessed; it was supposed in disgrace, as all the other servants that were discharged, were ordered to stay till they had provided themselves with places.

“ Indeed, Summers! Does she go this evening?” — “ Yes, Sir, so the servant told me that brought your letter.”

“ Humph, she has offended her capricious Lady, I suppose.”

“ Why, really Sir, I have never heard that Mrs. Guraville was whimsical or teasing to her servants; and that now she is better than ever”

Mr. Wingrove put an end to his servant's information, with—“ Tell the groom to saddle my horse. He need not go, I shall ride myself.”

He took a slow ride to Ashkenton, the



next post town, through which the stage passed for London; as he sat sipping the negus he had ordered by way of filling up the time, in came Mrs. Williams, bag and baggage; she dropt a curtesey, with "I hope you are well, Sir."—"Quite well, I thank you, Mrs. Williams, what has brought you here?"—"Why, Sir, it is the letter you wrote that has done all this; if I had not undertook to deliver that letter I should have been in my place; I am sure the poor five guineas you gave me will not pay for the loss of my place."

"Is it possible, Mrs. Williams, that your mistress could be displeased with you? I am to blame—it is on me she should turn all her anger."

"Há, lá! Sir, she will never forgive you: these virtuous ladies—these constant wives, as they would seem, with the fuss they make about their duty and honour, they are not worth living with. If a lady's woman cannot make a few guineas by conveying a letter, or carrying on an intrigue, it will not do, Sir: the wages they give will not dress a lady's gentlewoman as she ought to be."—"I am sorry, Mrs. Williams, that things have taken such a turn, and as I look upon myself as the cause, I beg you will accept of this (putting a ten pound note in her hand). If ever you relate this

story do not mention my name. Be secret and I will be generous."

"La! Sir, you are very good: I hope you do not think what I did was for the lucre of gain; no indeed, Sir; for you I would do any thing."

"No, Mrs. Williams, no; say nothing about it; I shall see you in town next winter."

At that moment the Plymouth stage drove to the door, Mrs. Williams took her leave of Mr. Wingrove, highly flattered by his liberality; and having said farewell to the good people of the Bear, took her seat in the coach and was wheeled off in a minute.

Mr. Wingrove mounted his horse and returned to Brookly Well, well pleased at his success in thus preventing the conscious Abigail from indulging her loquaciousness at his expence, tho' it cost him much to tie her tongue.

In the evening, when Mr. Guraville understood that Williams was gone, he was not more surpris'd than pleas'd; having an unutterable aversion to her since she so artfully endeavoured to raise suspicions in his mind against her mistress, during their short conversation in the gallery, on the day he sent that much dreaded letter, and for which he trembled, least it should go the herald of future misery; but now he

esteemed it as the harbinger of permanent happiness and domestic love.

Mr. and Mrs. Guraville now enjoyed the true blessings and comforts of life. Her mornings were spent in the most pleasing of all employments, that of instructing little Eliza, and hearing Mary repeat those lessons of French and English she had learned at school; regulating her family, and endeavouring to make home the most delightful of all places to her worthy and indulgent husband. Mr. Guraville did not throw the whole weight of this task entirely on her: he undertook the charge of Henry himself; and gratefully did he avow the tenderest pleasure in observing all her kind endeavours to make him happy.

Thus was a beautiful woman, born and educated in the vortex of dissipation and luxury, hurried down the stream of folly and fashion, committing, and allured to commit a thousand reprehensible things, without thinking she had, or intended to act wrong, saved by the timely and gentle interference of a sensible man. Her heart pure and untainted took the alarm; self conviction and sincere repentance were the result. She is now a blessing to her children, an honour to her husband, and a monitor to her sex.

The time past in pleasurable succession for weeks, when a servant in a smart livery

brought a letter from Lord Winnington, saying, he would do himself the honour of dining at Lutherdale Hall the next day. Mr. Guraville returned a polite and pressing answer.

At the time appointed his Lordship arrived, and was received with great kindness and cordiality by Mr. Guraville, who, after the first introductory compliments were over, found Lord Winnington a pleasant, sensible, well informed young man, and so very different from the young men of the present day, that he could scarcely believe he was known to the great world. Pleased with his conversation, and wrapt in astonishment to find that the hot bed of riches and luxury could produce any thing so perfectly amiable as this young nobleman appeared, there was yet another riddle to solve, viz. How, or why a young man, not quite eighteen, should make such a purchase as Blair Abby, who, he supposed, was in possession of the family estate.

The hour of dinner drew near, Mr. Guraville wished to introduce his new friend to his Myra, for which purpose he conducted him to the drawing-room (as he received his Lordship in his study on his arrival); Mrs. Guraville received him with an ease and politeness peculiar to herself: she soon felt a prepossession in favour of him whose name a few hours ago was disagreeable to

her ears, in whose person she had pictured every thing ugly and disgusting ; in his manners she expected he would arrogate a pre-eminence which, in the estimation of little minds, riches gives to their possessor.

How wrong, and yet how common, in man to form a premature opinion of another. How often do we feel prejudiced against a person we never saw, merely from the light and circumstances in which we first hear his name : just so was it with Mrs. Guraville ; she had taught herself to look upon her present situation with a calm eye ; she knew the sale of Blair Abby was a circumstance that must take place, and it mattered not who was the purchaser ; yet it was death to convey it away, and the purchaser, whoever he might be, became an object of envy. In this temper of mind she first heard the name of Lord Winnington, and heard him named as the purchaser of Blair Abby ; from that moment she felt a prejudice against him.— They partook of a small but elegant dinner, after which the glass moved slow, but pleasantly : genuine anecdotes, shrewd remarks, and just observations beguiled the time — Mrs. Guraville finding that she had sat longer than she usually did, retired. The gentlemen conversed on politics and various subjects, in some of which they agreed, in others they differed ; but in all his lordship sup-



ported his opinion with manly firmness and calm respect.

A summons to tea, which they obeyed, put an end to their conversation. In the drawing room they found Mrs. Guraville and her three children; Mary had been taking a lesson on the piano forte; Henry repeated his Latin to make himself more perfect for his father's ear, and the charming Eliza caressed her dolls. His Lordship paid much attention to the children, and was much pleased with Henry and Mary. After tea a walk in the pleasure grounds was proposed, and as they turned the gallery to go down stairs, Mr. Guraville politely asked his Lordship if he would do him the honour to take a view of the few rooms that small house contained, to which his Lordship consented, "It is all my folly has left me," said he with an heartfelt sigh! at which a painful blush suffused the cheek of Lord Winnington; it was the first time the idea of being richer than his friend gave him an uneasy thought.

"Why did I come?" thought he, "perhaps my visit gives pain, it may be looked on as a visit of triumph; but it is not so: I never felt more interested for a family in my life." He was disturbed from this mental conversation by Mr. Guraville's observing, "pretty rich, but confined prospect."—After passing through two or three rooms,



all neat, and elegantly furnished, they entered the best bed-room, with a dressing-room attached to it, fitted up with the greatest taste: the bed curtains were of dimity, lined with blue sarsnet; the valance trimmed with blue silk fringe, window curtains of the same; beautiful painted cornices, paper, carpet, and chairs to suit. His lordship admired the stile of the house, particularly these rooms.

“ This bed, my Lord, was prepared for you, and I trust your Lordship will not deny us the pleasure of your company for a few days.”

It was impossible to refuse an invitation so politely made, besides he felt a reluctance to leave Lutherdale Hall so soon: he thanked Mr. Guraville for his kind invitation.

“ I have, Sir, ordered beds at the inn where I slept last night, and where I propose to wait the return of Mr. Hill, the gentleman under whose care I have past my childhood; nor am I yet, Sir, out of leading strings.”

“ With your lordship’s permission, I will order that matter: my servant shall go and inform the people of the house that you will not sleep there; and leave an invitation for Mr. Hill to join your Lordship here.”

Lord Winnington found Mrs. Guraville in the garden with the children; he alternately conversed with one and played with

the other till the hour of supper, which passed in pleasant chat. The trio parted for the night at an early hour, highly pleased with each other.

In the morning Lord Winnington joined Mr. Guraville and Henry in the study; he found Henry, tho' only fifteen years old, a pleasant conversant companion. After the hour of study they walked till dinner, and before they returned they were sworn friends, at least his Lordship felt inclined to prove himself Henry's friend, and Henry was desirous to obtain his Lordship.

There was a manliness in Henry that spoke him above his years, and a boldness in his manners which he acquired at Harrow school; though somewhat rough at his first returning home, he had, from the softer manners of his mother, received a polish which rendered him agreeable.

In the evening Mr. Hill arrived, which was a pleasant addition to the party.

This gentleman was one of those good and great characters who alone are worthy to be intrusted with the care and education of youth—and that he was in full possession of his pupil's heart might be seen by the joy which brightened up in his Lordship's eyes when Mr. Hill entered the room.

After the usual ceremony of introduction was over, Lord Winnington, with a tender

regard enquired how he had bore the jolting of the rough roads of Cornwall, and the north of Devon, hoped he had found all his friends well ; to all which Mr. Hill answered with the kind affection of a father. During supper Mr. Guraville found many opportunities of paying some handsome compliments to Mr. Hill, in commending the manly accomplishments he observed in his Lordship, who was in earnest conversation with Henry ; for, at the request of his Lordship, he was permitted to sit up to supper on condition that he should retire soon after, which was duly observed by Henry.

Mr. Hill was a man of great knowledge, deep penetration, and sound erudition ; he had spent more time in studying man than books, and from thence drew his opinions and made his observations : was grave at times, but not austere ; he would relax frequently, and join in the amusements of his pupil, so that even in the hour of pastime he received instruction. He had such a peculiar method of drawing his scholar to his studies, that they at all times appeared rather amusement than a task. He said, that whenever a youth was intrusted to his care, his first grand point was to gain the child's heart, which might be done by kind fatherly treatment, not by foolish indulgence ; that

once gained, you may bend the mind to your will ; but if the scholar does not feel an affection for the teacher, he will make but a small progress in his learning : after conning his lesson for hours, he approaches him with fear—fear debilitates the memory, and the child cannot retain what he learns.

There was a certain urbanity in the manners of Mr. Hill that won the admiration of all on a few hours acquaintance : no wonder that in so many years spent in the care and education of Lord Winnington, he should possess his whole heart and mind.

They had been three days at Lutherdale Hall, and Mr. Hill beheld with pleasure the mutual friendship growing between Henry and Lord William, as he was extremely pleased with the new friend, his pupil had acquired. He found from Mr. Guraville's conversation, that he was still ignorant of the family of his guest, the knowledge of which friendship demanded ; and he, with satisfaction perceived it was a mutual attachment, founded on each other's admired virtues, and strengthened on the part of Mr. Guraville, by the visible growing partiality between the young friends.

## C H A P. V.

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The Spider's most attenuated thread,  
Is card—is cable, to man's tender tie,  
On earthly bliss it breaks at every breeze.

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YOUNG

ON the fourth day after dinner, Mr. Hill, (his Lordship having left the table to play over some new music with Mary and Henry) in the course of conversation briefly related the history of Lord William Winnington.

“ His Lordship's grand-father was an admiral, high in public esteem, and for some very singular services was created a peer. He then being advanced in years, withdrew himself from the naval services; but government still had need of his active spirit; he was as good a politician as he was a sailor, and the minister prevailed on him to accept a place of great trust abroad, in which situation he acted with his usual integrity. He never lost sight of the interests of the King, his master; and was equally solicitous for the rights and



welfare of the people, over whose public good he was placed as guardian. He took his eldest son with him, who, on his death, succeeded him in title and place. Soon after this government, ordered him to England, which he obeyed, leaving a deputy to act in his absence: he remained in England two years, during which time he married a young lady of fortune and family; soon after their return to his situation abroad, Lord Winnington was seized with a local fever, which deprived him of life, and an amiable woman of a tender and worthy husband; never was man more truly lamented: in fact, his death was felt by government and the whole country. His death nearly proved fatal to his lovely widow, and her friends feared a premature birth; but the Almighty, who is ever watchful over his creatures, raised her from the bed of sickness, and in about two months this dear boy was born. As soon as Lady Winnington was able to undertake the voyage, she came with her posthumous child to England, where she took a house near Richmond, on a very retired spot; there she spent her days quietly, but not happily; she never mixed with the gay world, and but seldom saw any of her relations. Her whole time was spent in tender regret for her irreparable loss, and in



nursing the young Lord William, in whose face and form she could daily trace the opening beauties of her dead Lord.

“ I occupied a house, the grounds of which joined those of Lady Wunnington ; and about that time I had the dreadful misfortune to bury Mrs. Hill. Here the lucid tear trembled in his eye, and told the feelings of his heart ! at the recollection of cruel events ! long since past, but never to be forgot !

“ The dear fainted woman closed her eyes in this world, three hours after she had given me a son—and the dear babe survived its mother but three days—one coffin held the precious remains of both !”

Mr. Hill stopped—took two or three turns across the room, to recover his firm tone of voice, which was grown tremulous and nearly inarticulate, from the agitation of his feelings, while Mr. Guraville heaved a compassionate sigh, and Mrs. Guraville dropt a sympathetic tear. He resumed his seat, and without offering an apology for the interruption, feelings so natural and amiable, had occasioned, he continued :

“ When time had blunted the edge of grief, I endeavoured to collect my thoughts and turn them on myself. I felt it was my duty, as a man and a Christian, to bear this severest of all trials, with resignation

It was deemed adviseable that I should leave my room and take both air and exercise. I knew what they advised was right, and unwilling to give my friends pain by encouraging a despondency which I felt had already injured my health, I strove with all my resolution against the tyrant Grief. After repeated struggles between reason and inclination, I took a ride, the most salutary, near Richmond, accompanied by my nephew, whom it has pleased God to take from me. I found myself much better on my return. The next morning I walked in my garden; here every flower awakened my recollection to past scenes of delight. I entered a Summer-house at the end of the walk, on the table lay Young's Night Thoughts, in which my Eliza had been reading to me the evening before she was taken ill; the sight of the book, and the remembrance how supremely happy I was the last time I saw it, and now how forlorn and miserable, nearly overcame me, and I sat motionless for sometime, lost to all but my sorrow, till the entrance of my nephew roused me from my painful reverie. I daily visited the garden and Summer-house, and found no author so pleasing as Young; the similarity of our griefs endeared his memory to me, and his plaintive, but pious complainings, were

congenial to my soul. My friends were continually calling on me, politeness obliged me to see them sometimes, and their friendship drew me into society. From some of my neighbours I heard a slight account of Lady Winnington's story: I wished to be personally acquainted with her, and thought we could truly sympathise with each other. Yet I judged her Ladyship the happiest of the two; she had the dear pledge of their loves left, while I was alone—bereft of all my soul held dear! Soon an opportunity offered agreeable to my wishes: In a large field into which the back door of both our gardens opened, some cattle were feeding, the servant who had the care of Lord William, was amusing him by running after a butterfly; the little insect, after hovering over them, then flying to elude their grasp, directed its course towards the field: to please the child the maid followed it, while Lady Winnington amused herself with looking at them through the Summer-house window, which stood in the same direction as mine, and commanded a full view of the field. They had not been long in the chace, when one of the cows ran furiously towards them bellowing hideously. Lady Winnington seeing the danger of her child and maid, screamed violently, which, together with the shrieks of the woman and

child, made the fields echo; luckily I was in my Summer-house, reading my favourite Young.

When, on hearing the noise, I looked thro' the window, and seeing their danger, dropt from it into the field.

“ The wild animal had reached the maid; the wind gently blew out her gown, which it caught with its horns; it being of a weak texture, gave way. At that instant I came up, and with a thick piece of wood I had picked up, struck the cow on the head; it stunn'd it for a few minutes, during which time we made our escape into the garden, where we found Lady Winnington in strong hysterics: with proper assistance she soon recovered; when after pressing the dear boy in her arms, and offering up her thanks for his preservation, she acknowledged her obligations to me in the kindest manner. I attended her into the house; she begged me to stay tea, which invitation I accepted, and during that short visit we made such a progress in each other's good opinion, that from that time we became intimate friends. I rendered her all the brotherly offices in my power, and she felt a sisterly interest in all that concerned me. At the age of five years Lord William was placed entirely under my tuition. Our mornings were spent in my study; our afternoons in the music

room ; we always dined with her Ladyship ; in the evenings we walked.

“ Thus did I live, and enjoyed as much happiness as any mortal was capable of, whose hopes were fled beyond the grave : but this tranquillity did not last long, Lady Winnington too much indulged in private her grief, but endeavoured to assume a calm serenity in her face, and a pleasant liveliness in her countenance ; yet she kept many vigils to the memory of her Lord ; and it may be truly said, that she wept her life away.

“ My pupil had just past his seventh year, when Lady Winnington was confined to her bed—she had the best advice London could afford—the physicians gave not the least hopes. On their first visit, she was well aware that she could not live. On the morning of the fifth day of her illness she sent for me : after some friendly conversation, she, in the presence of a female cousin, the only relative she had, put her will into my hand, saying, she had appointed me sole acting executor ; that she left her dear boy under my protection ; hoped I would be father to her dear William. Here her strength failed. I gave her every assurance in my power of the unremitting care I would take of the amiable charge. She said, she was well persuaded she had placed him un-



der the protection of a man whose love and esteem he already possessed ; and she trusted that the helpless and unprotected state he would soon be left in, would endear him the more to me. She then caught my hand and prest it to her lips : love my dear boy, she cried, then sunk exhausted on her pillow. I contrived to see her three or four times a day.

“ On the evening of the eleventh day she expired, and was, by her desire, buried at Richmond. The will was opened in the presence of the Cousin, and other of her Ladyship's acquaintances that attended the funeral—to her Cousin she left one thousand pounds—to each of her servants twenty pounds and mourning—To me three hundred a-year, and six hundred a-year for the support of Lord Winnington and his education, till he was of age, when the bulk of her fortune, which lay in the funds, amounting to upwards of seventy thousand pounds, with the accumulating interest, was to be put in his possession. The sums willed to Lord Winnington and myself are paid out of the interest of his fortune : we have always lived within our income, and I may say that his Lordship is now worth at least an hundred and forty thousand pounds. He may now live out and indulge his liberal spirit ; as I



have been an economist for him in his childhood. After her Ladyship's death I took care of the plate, linen, and such of the furniture as I thought he would like when he was able to judge for himself; the rest were sold.

“ Lord William and myself retired to my little cottage: I could not bear the idea of quitting it, and to a child of seven years old all places are alike. The following summer, and every one since, we have spent at some watering place or other. I now have the pleasure and satisfaction to see the dear boy rising into manhood, blessed with every perfection and accomplishment both mental and personal.

Mr. Guraville expressed his thanks to Mr. Hill, for this singular mark of his esteem, in relating Lord William's story.

“ And pray, Sir, does his Lordship intend to reside wholly at Blair Abby.”

“ No, Sir; that is a subject I have wished to speak to you on, but did not like to introduce it. It is the first purchase his Lordship ever made, and it is remarkable that some months ago we passed that way on a visit in the neighbourhood; as we rode by, Lord Winnington admired the park, water, bridge, and above all, the retired situation of the house. My dear Sir, said he, if ever this

feat is to be sold I should like to be the purchaser. At breakfast one morning, looking over the newspaper, he saw it advertised, and set off for Wilton that day, post ; the next we went to view it ; he was so delighted with the whole that he remained on the spot till the day of sale. He wishes to make some alterations ; the road he means to turn, and build a new stable to correspond with the other. A servant informed them that tea waited ; they agreed to talk over the business next morning in Mr. Guraville's study.

Lord William, Henry, and Mary had made great proficiency in the overture they had been playing ; while the company were sipping their tea, they performed it to the great delight of their partial auditors, Lord William on the violincello, Henry on the violin, and Mary on the piano-forte. The young musicians continued to play till it was time to take their evening's walk.

The next day at noon the visitors took their leave of the happy family at Lutherdale Hall, with many declarations of esteem and friendship.

About three months after this, Lord Winton wrote a polite friendly letter to Mr. Guraville, begging he would permit Henry to spend sometime with him ; that Mr. Hill and he intended to spend their

Christmas at Bath ; if he would indulge him with Henry's company, he would send the carriage for him.

To give weight to this petition Mr. Hill wrote a postscript, assuring Mr. Guraville if he would grant them this favour, that he would guarantee him on the part of Henry's studies ; in fact Lord Winnington has felt a vacuum ever since he left Lutherdale Hall, and none but Henry can fill it.

Mr. and Mrs. Guraville rightly thought that such a friend as Lord Winnington might in future be of great service to Henry, besides it was too desirable a connection not to feel a wish to cement it still stronger. Mr. Guraville informed Henry of the invitation, likewise that it was his wish he should accept it.

" Nothing, Sir, can give me greater pleasure, said Henry ; I feel a more tender affection for Lord William than any man on earth, yourself excepted."

A polite answer was returned, saying, Henry would be ready to leave Lutherdale Hall on such a day.

At the time fixed the carriage arrived to convey Henry to his young friend.

The day after Henry reached Bath, he wrote his father an account of his friends and his journey, which was pleasing ; but

he did not enjoy it : his thoughts alternately reverted to the dear friends he had left, and those he was going to meet. In vain did he endeavour to revoke them to things present—in vain did he endeavour to admire the beautiful landscape around him—the deep rich valley, and still more beautiful uplands—the sublime chain of white rocks that bound the western ocean, were objects which, had he been travelling with any beloved friend, would have awakened his admiration, and filled him with delight. Nature so diversified, in the deep dells, the herds of cattle cropping the luxuriant grass, while the summits of the highest hills were robed in snow, would have warmed his glowing imagination, and his pencil have retraced the picturesque scene.

Thus it is with the lonely and unhappy traveller. The rich cultivated lands, or the barren wild are to him alike—the glorious scene around him he sees not : he looks, 'tis true, but all is chasm, all is void—absorbed in the dark scene within himself, he is dead to all the charms of nature or art.

While the social and lively peregrinator, accompanied by the friend of his heart, begins his journey in good humour with himself and all the world ; every thing he meets with pleases him ; every thing he sees gives

him delight: when on the elevated hill, he admires the painted shady valley; when in the flowery dale, he extolls with rapture the sublimity of the towering rocks and mountains; and at night, in their osterice, over their pigeon soup and *ciassa del vino*, they talk of the beautiful (never to be forgotten) scenes of the past day.

One morning Mr. Guraville was surprised at receiving a letter, informing him he was appointed to a lucrative place under government, which, if he chose to accept, demanded his presence in town immediately. He was all astonishment who could have interested themselves so much about him.

He flew to Mrs. Guraville in the nursery, —“ Read this, my dear Myra, and help me to solve the riddle, Who can this secret friend be?”

“ No other than Lord Winnington, generous noble minded young man! it must be him. The delicate manner in which he has conferred the obligation adds to the value of it.”

Mrs. Guraville urged the necessity of his immediately going to London, which he allowed, and instantly gave orders for his journey.

On his arrival in town he waited, ac-



according to the directions in the letter, on the gentleman who was to give him every information he required. This gentleman received him with great civility, and told him it was a most desirable appointment; gave him an exact account of the income. He then signed and gave Mr. Guraville the paper that invested him in his office. Mr. Guraville begged to know to whom he was obliged.

“That, Sir, I am not at liberty to say; to-morrow evening, at nine, I will introduce you to the minister; from him perhaps you will hear all you wish.” Mr. Guraville bowed. “There will be a seat in my carriage at your service.” Mr. Guraville bowed again, and took his leave.

During his ride to the hotel where he lodged, and all the evening, his mind was occupied with the duties of his office, and gratitude to his friend.

## C H A P. VI.

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Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,  
Stoop to mean wiles that would disgrace a fool,  
And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve ;  
For who can thank the man he cannot see ;  
Why so much cover ? it defeats itself.

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THE next evening Mr. Guraville was punctual to the hour at Mr. Etherway's, whom he found surrounded by dependants, which he dismissed on Mr. Guraville's entrance, and led the way to his carriage.

They found the minister alone in his study ; a number of letters lay before him, which his due attention on the House of Commons had prevented his reading before.

The Minister received them with a gravity unusual in so young a man ; but on conversing with him, he found him quick, keen, and penetrating ; a wonderful pre-

cision in all he said, though his manners were truly conciliating, and his powers, as a minister, were astonishing. He gave Mr. Guraville to understand, the place he was appointed to was merely a sinecure; that Lord Winnington, an amiable young Nobleman, had intimated to him his wish, that the appointment should be made out in the name of Guraville, and concluded his harangue by saying, if a borough offered, he hoped he would have no objection to fill a seat in parliament.

Mr. Guraville said, “No man can feel a more sincere regard for his King, or respect for the government than myself; yet, I fear my political abilities are inadequate to the task. The representative of a people ought, in my opinion, to be well acquainted with the laws of his country, civil, military, and ecclesiastical; also its commerce, and above all, its dependance and general interest.”

“No,” said the Minister, smiling, “you over-rate the duties and necessary abilities of a senator. It is true, a man cannot be too great and too good a politician, nor can his knowledge be too extensive, to become a member of the House of Commons; yet a man may be very respectable, and truly useful to the state with humble

abilities." The entrance of more company put an end to the conversation and visit.

On their return, Mr. Etherways said, "I hope, if a borough offers, you will oblige the Minister by accepting it. Why, the Minister, Sir, might have received an handsome present if he had made the appointment for a gentleman who, some weeks, applied for it; but Lord Winnington asked, and he is a great favourite. His father and grandfather were strong in the majority, and we hope the present Lord will take his seat when he is of age."

"I owe much, Sir, to the Minister, and more to my best friend, Lord Winnington; yet I hoped they never would have thought of placing me in public life."

"Dear, Sir, that is nothing; a man may represent a borough twenty years and be scarcely known to his constituents; if he is never inclined to speak in the House, why, no matter, if he always votes with the Minister, it is enough."

This speech brought them to Mr. Etherway's door. They took their leave of each other. Mr. Guraville was restless and uneasy all the evening; that he should become one day or other a senator was a

weight on his mind; politics were his abhorrence; besides, would not the world, knowing the late *dérangement* of his affairs, say, that he was an hireling of the Minister's; no doubt of it.

In the morning he wrote a detail of all that had passed since his arrival, to his Myra, desiring her to say in what part of the town she should like to pass the winter; that, although his presence was not absolutely necessary, yet he thought it right to spend the first winter in town; when he received her answer he would engage a residence, and be at Lutherdale Hall the following week to conduct her to town.

He then wrote a letter to Lord Winton expressive of his thanks. His Lordship was pleased to find the Minister had been so punctual to his promise, but did not dream that he had a sinister view in obliging him. He knew his own heart, and by it judged of others; if he did a kindness to any individual, it was for the express purpose of benefitting them, and no other motive on earth.

Mrs. Guraville, in her answer, congratulated her husband on his late good fortune; of the dread he felt she hoped he would divert himself: such a thing might never take place as his being elected a



member. She had no choice in respect to situation; a small ready furnished house, in any part of the town he liked, and she would prepare the family for the journey against the time fixed.

Mr. Guraville engaged a house in Wimpole-street; placed a woman in it to air the beds, and prepare for his Myra, and left town immediately.

A few miles from Lutherdale he met Mr. Wingrove on his way to London, who passed him as if he was a stranger; Mr. Guraville was about to move his hat, and salute him familiarly as formerly, but observing his averted look, rode on, concluding this insolent behaviour proceeded from that great dislike which many rich men feel for one of reduced fortunes, though they themselves have partook of his profusions, and by the quantity of French and other costly wines they poured down their throats, have greatly assisted in reducing him to that state in which, when once fallen, they despise and forget him.

Though, in fact, it was quite otherwise with Mr. Wingrove; he felt *himself* the despicable person—the object of contempt. He did not in the least suspect that Mrs. Guraville had exposed his villany to her husband, yet conscious guilt abashed him;

nor could he look a man in the face he had once attempted to injure.

Mr. Guraville found all his family well, and on the tiptoe for the journey, particularly Mary; nor in fact was Mrs. Guraville the least pleased with the prospect of her removal to town. She, for the sake of her husband and children, had taught herself to be content in that situation their follies had placed them. Yet when a reverse of fortune took place, she received and enjoyed it with gratitude; nor did she endeavour to hide the tell tale smiles that played on her face.

After confiding the care of Lutherdale Hall to worthy Woodman, the happy family began their journey.

As they travelled with their own horses (Mr. Guraville having bought a pair to run in town, and another pair for a friend, horses selling cheaper in Devon than London, it was an accommodation to both parties to work them up), the days being short and the roads heavy, they made but short journies. The first night they slept at Exeter, the next at Dorchester, and on the third at Salisbury.

The next morning being Sunday, Mary begged her Mamma to indulge her with a sight of the cathedral. Mrs. Guraville ever eager to satisfy and encourage all desire of

knowledge, and thinking none more useful than the knowledge of our own country, its cities, towns, cathedrals, churches, and hospitals, when, and by whom endowed; and when the ear is attentive to any little historical account, and the eye at the same time amused with the object of that account, the mind receives it with more pleasure, and retains it much longer.

While the horses were preparing, they walked to the cathedral; after viewing every part, and gaining every information, they went up the steeple to see the great bell, which was a matter of astonishment how any so large could be rung. Hopping down the steps Mary's foot slipped, and she fell down the remaining ones. Weldon took her in his arms, and carried her to the inn.

The surgeon was sent for, and she complained of great pain in her shoulder. On examination, it was found the shoulder was dislocated; he replaced it, then ordered his patient to bed, and administered proper draughts to prevent a fever.

This accident detained them two days at Salisbury; on the third Mr. Wilson said his patient was able to travel to London by short journies. Her arm was put in a

fling to prevent her moving it, and they left Salisbury that morning.

On the third day from their leaving Salisbury, they took an early dinner at Bagshot, during which Mary, as she could not eat, begged to lay down. After dinner, as the horses were preparing, Mrs. Guraville went to Mary, who she found in a sweet sleep and profuse perspiration ; to wake her was a pity, and was she awake it would be wrong to leave the room, till she was perfectly cool.

Thus argued Mrs. Guraville ; she shut the door softly and told Mr. Guraville the state she was in : he judiciously ordered the horses into the stable till farther commands. This detained them two hours longer than they intended to have staid. Mary awoke much refreshed by her sleep, and they left the King's Arms with all possible speed.

It had been very showery, and some heavy rain fell soon after they left Bagshot ; the night shut in quite dark before they had travelled ten miles : the happy family within the carriage had no cares or fears, but what arose from the men being exposed to the wet and cold. When they were within a few miles of Hounslow, Mr. Guraville let down the glass and calling Weldon, desired he would stop at the

first house and take a rummer of hot brandy and water each to prevent cold.

“ We will give them a warming, and be d——d to them ! if they do not stop,” cried a gruff voice. This alarmed Mr. Guraville. When the horsemen appeared, one of them rode up to the head of the leaders, and swore he would knock the postilion off if he did not stop.

The boy was deaf with fright, and the horses being young and spirited, on receiving a blow on their heads they kicked, plunged, and reared up, then bringing down their fore quarters to the ground, they came in contact with the highwayman’s horse ; the rider receiving a gentle tap from the feet of the affrighted animals, was laid sprawling on the ground ; his horse, feeling himself eased of his burthen, took to his heels across the heath, the leaders, in their restiveness broke the bearing rein, and feeling something under their feet, bit and trampled on the man, till, called by his cries, one of his companions came to his assistance, while the other was engaged in close combat with Weldon.

The footman had been arguing the matter with the other with the thick end of his whip, which argument his antagonist supported with a similar weapon, till finding



he was not likely to gain the victory, he flew to his companion, whom he found on the ground almost trampled to death: he laid him on the back of his horse and led him away. The other finding both his comrades gone, clapt spurs to his horse and rode off, with his head a little larger and a little forer than when he stopped the travellers, who were well pleased to find they remained victorious in the field; they re-adjusted the harness, and drove on with all speed.

During the battle, the ladies in the coach were much alarmed; Mr. Guraville attempted to get out and assist his servants, but Mrs. Guraville, clinging round his neck, screamed violently; Mary joined her shrill notes, and the maid, though in fact not much frightened, thought she could not be wrong in pretending to the same fears as her lady, was therefore her echo. Little Eliza, though not sensible of their danger, joined in the general cry. In vain did Mr. Guraville endeavour to pacify the women, they could not hear him, nor cou'd he disengage himself from his Myra's grasp.

For heaven's sake, my dear Myra, let me go! Can I suffer my servants to resign their lives for me and mine, and not assist them. I cannot sit shut up in safety

and see the honest fellows beat, perhaps killed."

While he was thus reasoning, victory ! victory ! exclaimed the servants, and Weldon, coming to the carriage door, declared they had beat them off.

They stopped at Hounslow. The landlady washed and applied plasters to the slight wounds of Weldon and the footman, and bathed their insides with a glass of her best brandy. A comfortable hot supper was quickly served up, and shortly after the whole family went to bed to dream of robbers, battle, and murder.

Mrs. Guraville felt inclined to sleep late the next morning. The footman was sent on before to order dinner at four o'clock ; at which time they all arrived safe at Wimpole-street.

Mrs. Guraville sent her cards to but few of her acquaintance, as she had been informed, by an intimate female friend, that many of them had said ill-natured and unhandsome things of her, when they heard she was become poor—that was the phrase they chose to use.

Mr. and Mrs. Guraville passed the winter in a quiet domestic way ; they received but few visits, and returned them but seldom.

Towards the latter end of February Lord Winnington, Mr. Hill, and Henry returned from Bath. Mr. Guraville having engaged a house within a few doors of his, which was prepared for their reception, Lord Winnington desired that Henry might still be his guest, so as that he appeared as a visitor at his father's, which was very frequent, there being a friendly intercourse kept up between the families.

On the approach of spring they began to turn their thoughts on the country. Mr. Hill begged they would spend a month at his villa at Richmond, which Mr. Guraville agreed to, on condition that he and Lord Winnington would return with them to Lutherdale.

Lord Winnington said, that if Mr. Hill had no objection, it should be so; but the trio must leave the rest of the family at Salisbury, and make a visit to Blair Abby, as he wished to see what progress the workmen had made in the alterations; they then would, in a few days, join them at Lutherdale.

The arrangement thus made, they left town for Richmond. Mr. Hill's house was a little elegant retreat, fitted up in an exquisite stile of taste and neatness: the gardens, to a fanciful mind, had the appearance of fairy land, and the beautiful mea-

dows beyond it, whose sloping banks were washed by the clear transparent Thames, with the rich inclosures and distant villas, rendered the prospects truly pleasing.

“ Here, my dear Madam, said Mr. Hill, taking Mrs. Guravilles’ hand, here did my dear Eliza delight to sit: in the summer-house has she whole hours amused me with her melodious voice, and in that verdant meadow, when it was inhabited only by gentle sheep, did she delight to walk; and I, her faithful friend, with pleasure contemplated the reflection of her lovely form in that placid river!

Mr. Hill, to amuse his friends, formed little dinner parties of the few select acquaintance he had in the neighbourhood.

On the third day after their arrival a gentleman and his daughter were invited. After the ceremonies of introduction were performed by Mr. Hill, the conversation became general, and before the cloth was removed, the whole company felt an interest in each other. The young folks were not without their partialities; Mary felt delighted in the company of Celina; Henry thought her the most charming young lady he ever saw; Lord William regarded both the young ladies; Celina had been his playfellow ever since she could walk, and he was very fond of her; but for Mary he

felt a friendship somewhat warmer, though his eyes told him she was not so handsome, nor was she more amiable than Celina : “ It is,” says he, “ because she is the sister of Henry.”

Mr. Morley was a merchant of great respectability, and resided a short mile from Richmond. He, like Mr. Hill, lost his wife the second year of his marriage ; she left a lovely little girl, four months old, which was his only care and delight. Soon after the death of Mrs. Morley, he parted with his house in town, and resided entirely at Richmond for the benefit of his little Celina, and engaged a respectable widow lady to regulate his domestic affairs, and superintend the nursing of his infant. The child grew in the nurse’s arms, and by Mrs. Goodall’s early instructions, she was acquainted with her letters before she could list them out, and by the help of a music, dancing, and drawing master, she, at the age of twelve years, was quite accomplished ; as Mrs. Goodall taught her fancy and all useful and ornamental works.

This lady had received a liberal education ; was the daughter of a very respectable man, eldest partner of a large wholesale house in the linen trade. She was married at an early age to a young man,



who had been initiated in the art of the business by her father.

Some years after, the house failed: the weak health and spirits of Mr. Colrairie could not sustain the shock. The death of her father was soon followed by that of her husband, who fell into a rapid decline, and left Mrs. Goodall a widow at the age of thirty-five.

Mrs. Goodall was on terms of strictest friendship with Mr. Morley, and was left a widow before the mother of Celina was married.

The few hours Mr. Morley could spare from business were spent at his little retreat near Richmond, where he experienced a calm felt but by few. With delight and gratitude did he behold Celina improve in personal beauty, and mental acquirements.

Mr. Morley, at taking leave, desired to have the pleasure of Mr. Hill and his friends' company to dinner the following day; which was agreed to.

Mary looked forward with pleasure to the hour of visiting, and was dressed much earlier than was absolutely necessary; and Henry appeared as anxious to make an early visit as Mary. Lord William read their wishes in their looks, and ever ready

to promote the happiness of his friends, proposed to drive them in the phaeton.

“ We can make an apology for so early a visit, and amuse ourselves with walking and music till dinner.”

“ My Lord, said Mr. Hill, are you not afraid of being considered an unfashionable man; and fear you not it will be deemed a breach of good breeding to make so early a dinner visit?”

“ No, my dear Sir; not among friends: such a man as Mr. Morley does not draw hasty inferences; he sees the cause that actuates his friends, and by that judges of their actions. Now, Sir, he will plainly see that an early visit is on account of the love we all have for Celina.”

“ You judge right, my Lord, of the real character of my good friend Morley; he is indeed both susceptible and worthy of the tender intercourse that unites man to man.”

Have you any objection, asked Lord Winnington, (smiling, and slightly bowing to Mrs. Guraville, then to the gentlemen), to our making so early a visit? None in the least returned all.

“ Go, said Mrs. Guraville, returning his Lordship's smile, go, let tyrannical custom for once give place to inclination.—I see all your hearts are with the amiable

Celina: if any find fault, tell them that, for once, custom is sacrificed to friendship."

The phaeton was soon at the door—away they drove with hearts at ease. Celina was as much delighted as surprised at seeing her young friends at so early an hour; nor did the morning hang heavy on their hands. A short time before dinner Mrs. Guraville and the gentlemen arrived in the coach. The day passed rapidly away, and the hour of parting came too soon for the young friends.

Mary, while walking in the garden, whispered her mamma to ask for Celina's company for a few days. Mrs. Guraville told her, if they were at their own house she should be happy to oblige her; but as they were visitors at Mr. Hill's, it would be highly improper to take such a liberty.

Lord Winnington watched Mary as she was speaking to her mamma, and saw by her countenance that she had been unsuccessful in her solicitation. He was a stranger to her request, yet wished it could be granted.

In a few minutes after he met her in another walk, and asked her what it was she so earnestly petitioned her mamma?—"Nothing, my Lord," said she, blushing.

“ Oh! indeed it was, Mary, and whatever it was your mamma refused you ”

Mary, least he should think it still more improper than it really was, told him also, that she was satisfied, her mamma having pointed out to her the impropriety of taking such a liberty.

His Lordship said no more. Meeting Mr. Hill, he related to him what had pass'd between Mary and her Mamma; that if he had no objection, he would ask for Celina's company.

Mr. Hill, said it certainly met his approbation, and he would join in the request.— They were all assembled in the drawing room, and the carriages ordered, when Lord William presented his petition to Mr. Morley; it was immediately seconded by Mr. Hill: Mary said nothing, but looked a great deal.

Lord William asked Mrs. Goodall to hold up her hand in his cause: she answered, with a smile, he certainly should have her voice.

“ Say you so, Mrs. Goodall,” returned Mr. Morley, “ then I must vote with the majority.”

Celina thanked her father joyfully, and kissing her dear Mrs. Goodall, away she flew to prepare for her visit.

Mr. Morley begged Celina would return the next evening, as he must be in town all the week, and Mrs. Goodall would want company. "If that is the case, we will take Mrs. Goodall with us," said Mr. Hill. It was then agreed that she should join them the next day.

Henry took a seat in the coach, to give his place in the phaeton to Celina. Never were young friends so truly happy: their mornings were spent in Mrs. Guraville's dressing-room, in study and needle work; and the same time was also passed by the gentlemen in Mr. Hill's study.

They then rode for two hours before dinner; sometimes in parties, at other times the ladies would honour the gentlemen with their company.

After dinner the young ones retired to the music room, where they were usually joined by Mrs. Guraville: nor was it uncommon for the gentlemen to take their wine there. Thus pleasantly and instructively did this happy group pass their time.

At the hour appointed, Mrs. Goodall arrived. Celina was not the least pleased with her company; she loved her with true filial affection. It is a certain mark



of the amiableness of old age, when youth is attached to it.

To see a young lively girl perfectly at ease, under no restraint in the presence of the person under whom she has received her education, and to whom she behaves with affectionate respect, yet gives way to all the playfulness of her temper, is a proof with what sense, good humour, and attractive mildness her instructions were given.

Nothing is more common than for youth to insult, deride, and ridicule old age; it is highly reprehensible in them, and is generally marked as a want of sense; yet it is undoubtedly in a great measure the fault of old age itself.

Unfortunately it is too often the case with both sexes, that when they are arrived at certain years they think it a reflection on their dignity to be seen in company with youth, or if at any time chance brings them together, they assume an austerity of manners, a gravity of countenance, and a disapproving look, which chills the natural ardour of youth, freezes the springs of luxuriant imagination, and makes them feel abashed in their company; conceiving an implacable dislike to that age they ought to revere.

Time flew on wings too rapidly with our party. On the sixth day Mrs. Goodall received a letter from Mr. Morley, saying he should return home that evening, when he hoped to meet her and Celina. The letter was communicated to the whole party; it had a visible effect on the countenances of the younger part of the company, and Mrs. Guraville felt a reluctance to part with Mrs. Goodall.

Mr. Hill proposed going in the carriage to meet Mr. Morley, and bring him there; which was done; and at supper Mr. Morley added one to the party.

The next evening Mrs. Goodall and Mr. Morley returned, but, by his leave, Celina was detained.

The time at length arrived for their departure into Devon; and a separation took place between Mary and Celina. The evening before they left Richmond Mary attended her friend home in the coach, as did Lord Winnington and Henry. On their way back Mary shed many tears of real sorrow at parting with her friend.

“Why, Mary,” said Henry, “if you had taken your last farewell of Celina you could not shed more tears: nay, my dear sister, you will spoil your fine eyes, if you cry so; pray, my dear, be comforted.”

“ And who can say, with certainty, it is not the last time we shall see each other; besides I had better spoil my eyes by shedding tears, than you spoil your mouth by grinning at my sensibility: How many tears would you shed—how you would spoil your eyes, if you were separated from Lord Winnington? but you are secure in his company, and you are so selfish, that you feel not for the little distresses of others.”

“ Nay, Mary, do not say so; I am not selfish or unfeeling; I have at all times sympathised in your sorrows, and rejoiced in your pleasures: nor did I now mean to offend, but merely to amuse.”

“ Come, come,” said Lord Winnington, taking Mary’s hand “do not take in so serious a light what was meant as a joke. I thought my dear Mary’s temper too amiable to be offended with her brother for such a trifle, and her judgment too nice to mistake his meaning.”

The idea of having raised a doubt in Lord William’s mind concerning her judgment or temper, threw a deep suffusion over her face; her eyes fell on her lap, from which she dared not raise them, till her brother, hurt at her confusion, held out his hand as a token of amity. She instant-

ly laid her's in it, saying, "Henry, are we friends for ever."

Lord William, at the same instant, pressed both their hands between his, saying, "Peace to us for ever!"

Mary smiled; but was so impressed with the improprieties of her behaviour, that she could not be cheerful.

As soon as they reached home, she ran into the garden, to reflect on the past, and make resolutions for the future.

## C H A P. VII.

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Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,  
Or press the bathful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

GOLDSMITH.

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AT an early hour the next morning they left Richmond; the weather was uncommonly fine, and they chose to travel with their own horses.

On the second day, between Stockbridge and Salisbury, the mail coach driving quick along the road, winding, and rather narrow, in passing a heavy road waggon the wheels came in contact with each other in so violent a manner, that the coach was thrown on its side: the outside passengers, from the force of the fall, flew to a great distance on a common by the road side, overgrown with furze and heath.



This accident stopped our travellers and called forth their humanity. The first object that presented itself to their eyes and ears was a sailor, lying with his face in a bush of furze, and crying, "Yo, yo, avast, lend a heaving hand here; all the cats in hell are clawing out my eyes! they will darken my daylights by G—d."

The gentlemen lifted him up. "God speed ye, mefs-mates. What cheer? I'm now on keel; but may I never reef a sail again, if my larboard wing is not snap'd! I say, mother (addressing himself to a cottager who stood by), have you no splicer of limbs nigh at hand?" "Ha, what say un?" "The doctor, I suppose, you mean: do, my good woman, send some one for the surgeon with all speed," said Mr. Hill.

Mrs. Guraville's attention was taken up with a poor woman, wife to a soldier, who had followed her husband to Plymouth, and was returning to London to lie in, as she had some relations there, and one child.—Her right wrist was dislocated, and one knee put out.

The coachman was very much bruised; the guard escaped; the two inside passengers jostled heads and legs together a little, to the no small discomfiture of an old virgin, who had had some doubts concerning the propriety of travelling in a stage-coach

with a male companion, and a stranger too.

On her first leaving Exeter, she observed a haughty silence, thinking that the best shield against any liberty her fellow traveller might be inclined to take, which impressed him with no very favourable opinion of the amiableness of her manners. He was an elegant young man, at least twenty years behind the fair virgin traveller.

They occupied opposite corners of the coach, with their faces averted from each other. She, blushing, counted the mile-stones; he cursing his hard fate to be shut up so many hours with an old affected prude.

That side of the coach on which the gentleman sat fell to the ground; his amiable companion was thrown plump on him: when her shrivell'd cheek pressed his, he felt sensations very different from those usually excited by the delicate touch of a fair one's cheek. He struggled to be relieved from his lovely load, while she encircled him in her arms, and begged for God's sake he would help her.

The poor woman, sailor, and coachman, were seated on the grass, waiting the arrival of the surgeon; while the guard, with the assistance of Lord Winnington's and Mr. Guraville's servants, were putting the

coach in a condition to continue the journey.

“What a d——d good pilot you must be: why, ye a’n’t fit to have command, if ye can’t work the vessel better. Why couldn’t ye manage them there living fails better. Ye should have taken them in a reef when ye found they made to much way. Shiver my timbers if I don’t—”

“Say no more, lad, one of your timbers, as you call them, is already shivered,” returned the coachman, “and here is the surgeon come to set it.”

The surgeon walked up to his group of patients. The woman demanded his care first. He said it was necessary to put her to bed, as he suspected the fall would hasten her delivery.

With some difficulty, Mrs. Guraville prevailed on the cottager to take her in, who had a spare bed; she said it was her son’s, but he was gone a foldiering. Another bed was prepared in an adjoining cottage for the sailor.

Necessary applications were applied to the coachman’s elbow and shoulder; and as he wished to go to town, the surgeon said the journey would not hurt him, if he could go inside the coach, to which the gentleman instantly agreed, saying, he hoped the lady had no objection.

“ Indeed, Sir,” answered she “ I cannot think of admitting such company in the same coach with me.”

“ I allow, Madam, it may not be perfectly agreeable; but humanity will oblige us to wave that: the man must go to town, and death may be the consequence of his going outside.”

“ I owe *him* no humanity, Sir: what is his death to me: he did *not* care for *my* life when he overturned the coach.”

“ No matter, Madam, I *insist* on his going into the coach;” at the same time helping him in.

The natural high colour of the lady’s face increased to a deep scarlet, and she croaked out, as well as rage would permit,

“ I that would never condescend to give an order to my father’s coachman, am now insulted by being shut up in the same vehicle with a common stage driver.”

“ For shame, Madam, your sentiments and behaviour would disgrace a savage.— What monstrous depravity of mind does it evince in a delicate female, who *should* possess feelings of tenderness and humanity for all mankind, to act and speak as you do. Look at that lady; she is a woman of quality, yet she does not refuse her assistance to the poor soldier’s wife and wounded sailor.”



“ Ah ! God bleſs them,” ſaid the coachman, “ they have promiſed to keep them both while they are ill, and pay all expences ; I have reaſon to ſpeak in their praiſe, it would have been main hard for me to have paid all that there money.”

“ More ſhame for them ; it only encourages drivers to be careleſs with their miſplaced charity ; they do it to get a good name among the vulgar.”

She continued to grumble ſometime, which the Gentleman did not think worth his while to answer, and the pain the Coachman was in prevented him from hearing, ſo that a total ſilence enſued.

Our good Samaritans, after ſeeing the poor woman comfortably attended, and the ſailors arm ſet, left a deposit in the hand of the ſurgeon for their ſupport, deſiring he would, when they were quite well, ſend his bill to Lutherdale Hall, and they would ſend a draft for the money—they then took their leave.

The ſailor thanked them with heartfelt gratitude, declaring, that in his Saturday night's grog he would drink their healths, next to his dear Poll's, as long as he lived. He followed them to the carriage door, and as they drove off, gave them three cheers, with long live the King, and English charity. The poor woman was delivered of a



dead child the next evening, and continued ill for some weeks. The sailor recovered the use of his arm within the usual time of fractures becoming sound.

At Salisbury, Lord Winnington, Mr. Hill, and Henry, took their leave for Blair Abby; Mr. and Mrs. Gurraville, Mary and Eliza, proceeded to Lutherdale Hall, where they found Woodman in good health, and ready to receive them; and the trio joined them in a few days.

While at Blair Abby, Lord Winnington determined to make still more alterations; and the front of the Abby was to be beautified, all which certainly could not be finished that Summer; and as it had been previously agreed, that Lord Winnington should make the grand tour before he established his house, Mr. Hill proposed leaving England in the Autumn, to which his Lordship assented.

“*I should like,*” said his Lordship, hesitating.

“What should you like?” interrupted Mr. Hill, looking at him archly, “What should you like.”

“You will think me unreasonable, Sir.”

“No, my dear William, I hope not. I never yet thought you so.” Lord William bowed.

“ I dare say I can guess what you wish ; and if I guess right, I approve your desire, and will do all in my power to gratify it.”

“ Dear Sir, Do you think Mr. and Mrs. Guraville will consent, if I ask them ?”

“ Nay, you have not told me what you really do wish.”

“ I wish that Henry may make the tour with us ; he will be an happy addition.”

“ So I thought ; it is my wish also. Henry is a charming boy ; it will be of infinite service to him ; and he is a pleasant companion for you ; he possesses a firm capacity, capable of learning all that can be taught. It is one of my greatest pleasures to instruct him ; he has a wonderful comprehensive genius. I think of late, he is very fond of studying the art of war. I have several times surprised him reading military treatises.”

“ Yes, Sir ; he seems much attached to military life. He has told me, that if a war should break out between England and any other power, he should like to purchase a commission.”

“ Indeed !”

“ Yes, Sir ; and when I laughed at his warlike ideas, and told him he had better remain quietly at home ; he turned round on his heel, looked me full in the face, and while an enquiring smile illumined his masterly countenance, he said, And does your Lordship really think so ? You cannot surely wish me to live here an inactive life, when I might employ my time in serving my King and country : besides, a poor Gentleman, indolent and inactive, is, in my opinion, the most contemptible character on earth.

“ Though an only son, I must take the road that lays open to young ones ; and cut out a subsistence with my sword ; for while my parents live, I never shall claim Lutherdale estate ; with that, and the place my father holds, he may possibly save a little for my sisters—they must be taken care of.

“ You are a good son, and a worthy brother, replied I, and I think your resolution deserves praise ; yet, I fear, your mother would prefer the church for you.

“ I hope, returned Henry, she will have no objection to the army. I cannot think of the church ; never should I rise to preferment. I could not bow to the

great man,—say flattering things to his lady—carry messages to and from the nursery—watch the servants, and make reports accordingly—tell little tales to the children, and when a richer man than myself is at table, sit silent to shew my dependence. No, my Lord! I would sooner follow the plough than live in such a servile state.”

“ Noble minded boy! we must render unnecessary his doing either the one, or the other.

“ You have, my dear Sir, spoke my sentiments. I would *happily share my fortune* with him; but the independent mind, that spurns the idea of lolling at ease in a good benefice, purchased by servility, will also refuse to be a dependent on friendship! I have a desire to make him offers, yet dread to hurt his feelings.

“ It must,” said Mr. Hill, “ be managed with delicacy, when you are with him, my Lord, by and by. I wish you would ask him, if he has any objection to make the tour with us, and let me know before dinner, and I will speak to Mr. Guraville while we are chatting over our wine.”—They parted.

Lord Winnington to find Henry, and Mr. Hill to the plantation, where Mr.

Guraville passed some part of every morning.

Lord William found Henry in his own room, intent on his favourite studies ; he laid down the book on his Lordship's entering.

“ I am come, Henry, to consult with you. Mr. Hill thinks with me, that it is time I made the tour of France and Italy, and has named September as the time of our leaving England.”

At this Henry turned pale—then a deep scarlet suffused his cheek.

“ I am sorry I shall so soon lose your company, my Lord, but it is necessary that you should go ; and I shall anticipate your return, and with the most anxious solicitude pray for your health and happiness. As he uttered these words, his fine dark eyes swam in the briny liquid, which, to prevent its falling from the boundaries, he closed ; and as he opened them again, each beautiful long lash suspended a brilliant drop, which looks like the dew bespangled down of the thistle, and adds additional lustre to his eyes. “ I shall, indeed, my Lord, feel pain at the separation.”

“ It is my wish, Henry, that we should not be separated ; if I dare hope that you will consent to go with me, and leave your



family, your company will give me great pleasure; and it is also Mr. Hill's wish that you should go.

“ If I remain in England, my father will send me some where to finish my studies, and if I must be from them, it matters not whether I am two hundred, or two thousand miles distance; and I have two powerful inducements to accept your kind offer: First, I shall live with, and receive instructions from the only two men on earth I love, my father excepted. Secondly, The great advantage I shall derive from living some time in the bosom of the arts, and studying men and manners in two of the first countries in the world.”

“ Well, my dear Henry, as it is really your wish to go, I am happy; leave the rest to me and Mr. Hill; he intends to mention our projected tour to-day, and at the same time will ask for your company.” He left Henry to acquaint Mr. Hill with his desire of going with them.

Henry amused himself with looking forward to pleasure in perspective. The family met at the usual hour to dinner, which past, as all of them did, in pleasantness and good humour. When the cloth

was removed, Mr. Hill entered on the subject of their intended journey.

“ Indeed, Sir,” said Mrs. Guraville, “ I have wondered that Lord Winnington had not made the grand tour before; and concluded, that you did not approve it, or thought it not necessary to the finishing of a gentleman’s education.

“ Nor do I, Madam, think it absolutely necessary; yet a sensible young man, who has made himself acquainted with the geography, history, religion, laws and customs of his own country, may acquire great knowledge and advantage in a tour through France and Italy; nay, I will not leave out Germany, Switzerland, and Prussia, under the care of a proper preceptor, or the father himself; though I should always give the preference to a preceptor, if he be a man of honour and discretion.

A man who possesses enough of his pupil’s heart to be esteemed by him as his friend.—A man who will enter into every little amusement and innocent gaiety; by that means he becomes his confidant, knows all his secrets, and holds an imperceptible sway over his mind, and prevents his entering into improper connections and amusements, of which there are too many on the Continent.

Youth must by no means be left to itself in Paris, or in any of the large cities in Italy; but, if under the direction of a judicious man, who will arrange the order of amusements and studies, in proper succession, the mind will never feel languid or oppressed, but be led on from one object to another in delightful researches after knowledge and information: a perfect acquaintance with the masters and arts may be acquired, while your pupil only supposes he is passing an idle hour.

Many young men of fashion leave England in great style, with a preceptor, valet, footman, and groom. As soon as he sets his foot on the continent, he gives his preceptor to understand, it will be more to his future advantage to be his obsequious companion than his master. Matters thus adjusted between pupil and preceptor, they each follow their own pursuits, see each other once or twice a-week, and are very good friends.

The young gentleman returns well acquainted with the wine and women of each large town he passes through; buys a book of antiquities at each place, from which he answers all questions that are asked him of buildings, paintings, and statues. He is looked up to as a phenomenon in nature by his doating parents, and his quondam

friend is rewarded with a good snug vicarage for the great care he took of their son.

Such, Madam, is the manner in which too many of our young men of fashion spend their time on the continent; but far otherwise, I trust, will Lord Winnington pass his. We shall meet with but few young men of this country, with whom I should like his Lordship to be intimate; and yet it is necessary he should have a companion to converse with in the hours of relaxation.

“ I hope,” said Mr. Guraville, “ you may meet some amiable young man; his Lordship is worthy of every comfort and pleasure this life can afford.”

“ I should like to take a young friend with us, and not trust to chance for what is so rarely to be found. My dear Sir, you have just said, and most truly, that his Lordship is deserving of every good—it is in your power to give him that pleasure he wishes, and lay him under an everlasting obligation.”

“ Any thing in my power his Lordship may command. Tell me quickly, I beseech you, what it is, that I may give him that pleasure you say is in my power.”

“ To you, Madam, I also apply—for your concurrence is necessary to confer this



favour on us. I shall feel it an obligation, believe me."

"By your preface, Sir, I should think that you was about to ask at least half my fortune, if I did not know that it would be but little addition to yours."

"Indeed, Mr. Guraville, I am going to ask for what I value more than all your fortune—I ask the company of your charming son during our stay on the continent."

"I feel the weight of your generous offer; I understand well the delicate sophistry you have used to make me think you would be the obliged person if I consented. There are but few things I could refuse you, or his Lordship; yet in this I shall draw such a debt of gratitude on me as I can never pay, and if I deny your request I shall deprive Henry of such advantages as, in the present state of my pecuniary affairs, I can never procure for him; and should I be able some years hence to send him to the continent, he will lose much in missing so desirable an opportunity of going with such valuable friends.—Excuse me, Sir, if I take a few hours to reason, and enquire if I ought to avail myself of your generous offer."

The next morning Mr. Guraville asked his Myra if she felt inclined to part with Henry.



She said, she should feel herself perfectly satisfied to have him under Mr. Hill's care; and it would be right, by all the means in their power, to cement the friendship now subsisting between them: that they ought to sacrifice their own feelings to the benefit of their son.

“ I am happy, my dear Myra, that you see things in so proper a light. I would willingly have given my consent yesterday, but I wished to consult you, and found Henry's inclinations.”

Mr. Guraville immediately rang the bell, and ordered Henry to attend in his mother's dressing-room. Henry judged the purport of this order, and was prepared to answer any question that might be put to him on that subject.

He entered the room in his usual elegant and respectful manner; his mother thought he never looked so handsome before. Mr. Guraville viewed him with delight. His fine manly figure—beautiful brown hair curling luxuriantly round his face and neck—large dark blue eyes—long lashes—finely arched eye-brows—a clear transparent skin which set off to the greatest advantage the rose coloured marks of health on his cheek; his teeth were regular and white—shoulders well formed—legs of exact symmetry; indeed nature had been far more bountiful to him

than Mary. Her features, though regular, were not beautiful—her eye-brows were narrow and well arched—her form delicate, and altogether she was an interesting figure. Eliza promised to be the model of her brother.

“My dear Henry, I suppose you are acquainted with Lord Winnington’s intended journey to France and Italy.” “Yes, Sir.” “Has he ever hinted that he should like to take you with him.”

“Before he expressed any such wish, he asked if I should like to go; to which I answered, If it met with your approbation, nothing could give me so much pleasure.”

“Then you feel a wish to go? Consider well my dear boy; consult your inclinations. Your mother and myself are equally anxious to promote your happiness as your interest; we are willing you should go if it meets your wish, and think it a desirable offer; yet do not accept it if you feel the least reluctance.”

“My dear child,” said Mrs. Guraville, “consult, determine, and let us know; we shall not disapprove, so you please yourself.”

“My dear mother,” said Henry, at the same moment instinctively drawing near

her, as she sat on the sofa; his hand touched her's, which she took up and pressed to her lips, looked tenderly in his face, waiting his reply, still holding his hand in her's. The tender pressure conveyed such filial feelings to his heart as made him waver and hesitate, at length collecting himself—

“ My dear mother,” repeated he, “ there was only your's and my dear father's opinion wanting to determine this matter; and I am happy to find I did not judge wrong when I thought Lord William's offer ought not to be rejected.”

“ Then you really wish to go?”

“ If you and my father approve.”

“ We do approve. Go with your father's blessing, and profit all you can.”

Mrs. Guraville, during this little conversation, reproached herself for having, by her extravagant follies, reduced this amiable boy to so humiliating a state as to travel for improvement on the courtesy of Lord Winnington; though she knew that noble minded Lord never saw the kindness he did Henry in that light, yet she felt it so, and it cost her many tears and unhappy moments.

Perhaps the derangement in Mr. Guraville's affairs was the most fortunate thing

that could have happened for his domestic happiness : it worked a most desirable and unexpected change in Mrs. Guraville's temper.

She was till now looked on as an haughty-ill-natured woman. Haughty she was, but her bad temper was not natural—only the effects of pride, which laid reason asleep. Misfortune came, pushed back pride, and awakened reason : reason brought correction, and produced contrition, and then she shone forth in all her natural amiableness.

At dinner Mr. Guraville told Mr. Hill, that he with pleasure committed Henry to his care ; that his consent was given yesterday, but he wished to make himself acquainted with his son's inclination before he declared it.

“ I am happy” said Mr. Hill, “ to find the wishes of all coincide with each other. I will with pleasure receive the consignment, as I know it is an improveable article, and will produce cent. per cent.”

“ Were my friend Mr. Morley here, he would answer you in technical terms ; I can only say, that I esteem you as my best friend as well as my Henry's.”

It being late in July, they began to ar-

range all things for their tour. Mrs. Guraville regulated Henry's wardrobe, while Mary hurried on with a task she had set herself, of netting a purse for each of the friends she was going to lose.

While the party was thus engaged, Mr. Hill received a letter from Mr. Morley, acquainting him he had left his house at Richmond and taken one in Gower-street. The loss of two ships which he had freighted was the cause of this alteration; but a greater trouble yet, he feared, was awaiting him and Celina: Mrs. Goodall had been for some time ill, physicians gave but little hopes of her recovery; they allowed she might live two or three months.

Mr. Hill felt for his old friend, and would have immediately offered him all the assistance in his power; but how to make the offer he knew not. The delicate mind soon takes the alarm, and sees an insult where nothing but friendship is meant.

At dinner Mr. Hill read the melancholy contents of Mr. Morley's letter. Mr. and Mrs. Guraville expressed real concern.—“Poor Celina,” said Mary, “she has no garden now to walk in; no, nor many com—com—;” comforts she would have



said, but could not articulate the word, tears choaked her utterance.

“ I wish she was here with Mary,” said Henry, while his fine broad breast swelled with feelings easier to conceive than describe.

“ I should be happy,” said Mrs. Gurnville, “ to have her here ; but it would be highly improper to ask it as Mrs. Goodall is so ill ; our intended kindness to the one would be cruelty to the other.”

“ But, my dear Myra, we can ask for both Mrs. Goodall and Celina, if she is able to undertake the journey ; the change of air may be of service to her.”

Lord Winnington sat silent all this time, but his mind was not unemployed : he had been revolving in his thoughts by what means he could assist Mr. Morley, whom he highly respected, and for Celina he felt a brother's affection.

“ Can nothing be done for Mr. Morley, Sir ?” said his Lordship.

“ I don't know, my Lord,” answered Mr. Hill ; “ but I will write, and indirectly ask the question. With such men as Mr. Morley we must be circumspect : if our friendships obtrude abruptly, or are offered in too gross a manner, instead of

proving consoling they will be more galling than the chains of slavery to a mind of sensibility like his ; it is the most painful task in the world to make an offer of pecuniary assistance. He is a man that possesses a delicate, disinterested mind, acute feelings, and a heart that swells with gratitude for the most trifling act of friendship."

"No doubt, Sir," replied Mr. Gurnville, "yet those who are not sensible of, or have not gratitude enough to acknowledge a favour done them, are not worthy of a friend."

Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill retired to consult how they should make their wishes known to Mr. Morley. After some conversation his Lordship desired Mr. Hill to write, and begged he would use his fortune as his own.

"My dear and only father, you have nursed my fortune, and raised it to its present strength ; it is my desire you diminish it as you think proper."

"My noble boy ! rather than a worthy man should want, I would apply to you ; but I have still a few hundreds for a friend."

Lord Winnington left him while he wrote to Mr. Morley in the most friendly and delicate manner, and in the most pressing and brotherly terms, begged he would consider him as his banker.

Mr. Morley was more pleased than surprised at the kind and friendly letter. He immediately acknowledged the favour and his kind offer, saying—

“ I have enough, my dear Sir, for my  
 “ Celina, if the little I have may be  
 “ spared, her views are not ambitious. I  
 “ have ever taught her to look on the  
 “ riches of a merchant as precarious;  
 “ that though to-day he may be worth  
 “ thousands, to-morrow he may be re-  
 “ duced to a state of indigence and beg-  
 “ gary; that the storms of to-night may  
 “ wreck his little property, or the more  
 “ fortunate enemy seize it to grace his tri-  
 “ umph.

“ Thus, my dear Sir, have I accustom-  
 “ ed her to see the instability of fortune  
 “ and human grandeur, and by frequently  
 “ painting to her, in lively colours, the  
 “ sad reverse of fortune every man is liable  
 “ to, particularly the adventurous merchant,  
 “ and how doubly afflictive such change of

“ fortune must be to those who place all  
“ their happiness in riches, and who never  
“ for one moment allow themselves to  
“ think it possible they should be deprived  
“ of them. Such people value themselves  
“ only on the amount of the wealth they  
“ may possess, and suppose that the world  
“ in general forms its opinion by the same  
“ criterion.

“ By such reasoning I have taught Ce-  
“ lina to esteem riches only as they pro-  
“ vide us with the necessities and comforts  
“ of life ; that if poured into our lap, we  
“ should receive them with gratitude, and  
“ diffuse them with a liberal but judi-  
“ cious hand to those who are less fortu-  
“ nate.

“ She has so profited by my weak, but  
“ well meant lessons, that I am persuaded  
“ she could bear the severest trials with  
“ equanimity.”

This letter filled Mr. Hill with admiration and regret ; he admired the firm independent spirit of Mr. Morley, yet regretted that the delicacy of his feelings should frustrate their intentions ; thereby depriving them of the delicious pleasure of alleviating his present anxiety, for he could

see by the stile of his writing that he was not quite at ease.

But nothing more could be done, least in endeavouring to serve his friend he should lose him.



## C H A P. VIII.

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O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
Retreats from care that never must be mine :  
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,  
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;  
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
And since 'tis hard to combat, learn to fly.

GOLDSMITH.

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THE time arrived for the departure of Lord Winnington, Mr. Hill, and Henry. Mary, at taking leave, presented her little presents to each ; but in Henry's she put a five-pound note, the little savings from her pocket money, which she thought would be of use to her brother.

The carriage drove quickly off, attended by a valet and servant in livery, and soon conveyed from the sight of the remaining inhabitants of Lutherdale Hall, three of the dearest objects existing.

Mr. Guraville took a walk in his plantation to amuse his mind. Mrs. Guraville in going to her dressing room met the lovely Eliza, her little prattling tongue diverted her mind from the painful scene that had taken place. Mary went to her favourite shady seat in the garden, and endeavoured to tranquilize her mind.

She had parted with three dear friends; one she revered as a being of superior order, and felt the sublimest delight when listening to his instructive and amusing conversation: for her brother she avowed the tenderest affection; and when busy fancy carried her from day to day, that each meal would pass without Henry and his friends, and that each evening would close unenjoyed and unimproved, she felt exceedingly distressed.

Lord Winnington would no more instruct her in the difficult lessons on the piano forte, and teach her fingers to glide over the keys with precision and delicacy; no more should she profit by his directions, nor acquire the masterly stile in which he played.

Thus did Mary sigh out her griefs in solitude; she applied herself closely to her studies—French, geography, music, and needle-work alternately filled her time.—

The little Eliza became her companion in those hours that were spent in the gardens, pleasure-grounds, and woods ; and there, as well as in her room, the thoughts of her absent friends intruded.

She industriously endeavoured to fill up the vacuum they had left : she would often sigh out the name of Henry without knowing that she did so—and as often that of Lord William would follow. When that name dwelt on her mind she felt a double pressure at her heart, which she placed to the account of friendship.

Thus the time passed with Mary till the period of returning to London arrived.—This journey exhilarated the spirits of Mary, and turned the current of her thoughts on Celina : “ We will pass the whole winter together,” said Mary to herself, when she was anticipating the pleasures of the approaching season.

Lord Winnington, Mr. Hill, and Henry, on the first day of their journey were but indifferent company to each other ; a mutual silence was kept up the whole of the day.

Mr. Hill had a variety of things turning over in his mind, both his Lordship’s affairs at home, and to regulate their jour-

ney ; but what rendered his mind most uneasy was his friend Morley's too delicate reserve.

Lord Winnington felt something like regret at leaving his invaluable friends at Lutherdale Hall: For Celina he sighed, and wished he had a brother's right to protect her ; but the friendship he felt for Mary was very unlike what he owned for Celina ; her idea was ever intruding on his mind—he seized every opportunity of speaking of her ; each morning when he awaked she was the first object that presented itself to his imagination, and at night she fluttered among his airy dreams.

Henry, though young, possessed a strong contemplative mind, which frequently led him to a depth of thought uncommon in youth. As the carriage moved from Lutherdale he sighed, nay, shed tears. His thoughts then reverted to himself: in what light does, or will the world behold me—as a sycophant, a servile flutterer, basking in the sunshine of a rich man's smiles—an idler, who would rather live on courtesy than nobly seek to be dependant on himself. I cannot bear the thought—would that I had not accepted Lord Winnington's offer. His name was as a thunderbolt on his dis-

cordant thoughts ; all his Lordship's virtues flashed on his mind, and brought a blush on his face.

Ha ! sighed Henry to himself, will it not rather reflect an honour on me to appear the dependant favourite of so good, so great a man ? The eyes of the weak trifler, the butterfly of the day, that judges of all by external appearances, may meet me with a smile of ridicule ; but such men are incapable of discovering the nobleness of soul, the superior virtues, the truth and sincerity of this young nobleman.

The stunted faculties of these dip chicks of fashion can form no idea, no conception of the true dignity of man : minds rendered too weak and effeminate by luxury and dissipation, to reach any degree of elevation ; their vacant breasts indulge an indolence that would disgrace a Lazaroni.

And is it such as these I am afraid of ? Is it to these men I should blush to be known a dependant on the amiable Lord Winnington ? No, nor to any man. His favours do me honour ; their scoffs will make me respected by the truly good and great, who will weigh me by the standard of my patron's virtues.



By these reflections did Henry clear and dispel the cloud from his mind, and he saw himself an object of envy rather than derision.

The carriage stopping to change horses, roused the two from their reverie: it being near dinner time, they ordered the bill of fare; the dishes were quickly fixed on, and ordered to be dressed with all possible dispatch.

As they loitered about the inn yard a chaise drove up, and a gentleman and lady alighted. The gentleman addressed Mr. Hill with the usual introductory observation—a fine day, Sir: which was answered, Yes, Sir. They soon fell into general conversation; they were going to East-Bourne, where, he said, he expected to meet with a Packet ready to sail the first fair wind for Dieppe, and that he was going to place his daughter in a convent for a few years. In what part of France? enquired Mr. Hill, as the gentleman was so communicative, he thought he was justified in asking the question.

“ In the neighbourhood of Nemes, but but ha has a cruel wish to see Paris, and as I be going to shut her up for some

time es cannot refuse; and who knows if es shall live to vetch her back; yood now es be cruel glad to zee her pleased." The waiter announced to our party that dinner was ready; they bowed to the loquacious traveller, and attended the summons, who, on hearing their dinner was ready, called in a most vociferous manner for his.

At dinner our trio agreed to go to East-Bourne, as there was a Packet to be met with there; it would shorten their journey; at first they meant to go by Dover. That Gentleman seems to be a character, said Henry. Yes, returned his Lordship, we may find something to amuse, though not to admire in him.

"There are few men, my dear young friend," said Mr. Hill, "from whom we may not derive some knowledge or advantage; if in their character we mark any amiable or bright trait, it may give birth to some one in our own; if on the contrary, we find him addicted to any vice, we see the deformity of it, and with vigilance guard against it ourselves."

As they were going to their carriage, they met their new friend, who most assiduously threw himself in their way. 'Good now, Gentlemen, you have got the start of me."

“ Yes, Sir,” said Mr. Hill, “ you would call us tardy else we arrived first.”

“ Yes, yes, zoes, ye did zo. What road do ye take may es ask?”

“ To East-Bourne, Sir.”

“ Why zose, do ye tell o,” said Mr. Bean, at the same time shaking Mr. Hill’s hand violently with great joy. “ Shall es have the happiness of zeeing ye to-night? do ye now take a tiff of punch with ma; Do ee? Shall we sail in the same Packet? I zee, by your luggage, you are going abroad.” To all which Mr. Hill bowed. It was in vain to attempt speaking till he had exhausted his breath.

“ Sir,” said Mr. Hill, “ we are flattered by your invitation. We propose to sleep at Dorchester to-night; we can with ease reach East-Bourne to-morrow.” Mr. Bean profoundly bowed, and the carriage moved off.

Mr. Bean arrived a short time after Mr. Hill and his friends; he immediately invited them to sup with him; the gentlemen would have declined it, and proposed joining him to take their wine; but he would not hear of it, urged, that he had ordered supper, and begged them to permit him to introduce his Emily—They followed him.

Mr. Bean presented Emily to Mr. Hill, whose name he had caught at the Inn where they first met; he then asked Mr. Hill to introduce himself and daughter to the young Gentleman, which he readily did; when he pronounced Lord Winnington, Mr. Bean turned pale—Miss blushed. As soon as he recovered his surprise and speech, he stammered out an apology for the liberty he had taken with a man of title; hoped he would condescend to sup with him. His Lordship returned his bows with as much gravity as he could assume; the surprise and admiration exprest on his countenance diverted his Lordship; he shook Mr. Bean by the hand, said, he admired plain English manners, and intended to eat a hearty supper.

“Then I be happy. Why es zene and zene this be the varst time es ever spake to a Lord.”

Supper was served up, Mr. Bean seated Lord Winnington at his right-hand, and paid the most oppressive attention to him, to the great amusement of Mr. Hill and Henry.

Miss Bean was a fine girl about eighteen, and had passed the last eight years of her life at a boarding-school, near London, where she had lost much of her provincial

dialect. Her father was born, and had passed all his day at the village of Brixham, where he had accumulated some money as a farmer, but more as a smuggler. His wife, he said, was dead; but he had a sister who, some years ago, went to France with a great lady; there she chose to remain, and married a Frenchman; after his death she retired to a nunnery, from whence she wrote for her Niece: he concluded his account with observing, "Why zose, I suppose she be cruel visht, and wants my Emily vor a companion."

"To be sure," said Mr. Hill, "Miss Emily will be a desirable companion, yet I think the young lady will not like a monastic life."

"God blefs ee zoe; no, she be best to stay at a year or two, till es has built a house on a piece of ground es has bought near Exeter."

Miss Bean said but little, yet often blushed for her father.

The Gentleman took their leave at an early hour, after having engaged Mr. and Miss Bean to return their visit next evening; they found they had made an acquaintance in whose company time had leaden wings, and with whom they meant to pass as little as possible; yet common



civility, which is due from one to another, obliged them to give up something to this money made man.

At East-Bourne they found a vessel waiting only for a fair wind, in which Mr. Hill secured their passage, and also desired the steward to preserve cots for a gentleman and his daughter ; of which Mr. Hill informed Mr. Bean, as soon as he arrived. His thanks and bows were numberless ; his vanity was highly gratified, and much added to his consequence.

He was in haste to shew to the captain the man for whom Lord Winnington interested himself ; he instantly waddled to the house appointed by the captain to treat with his passengers. As soon as he entered the house, he, in an elevated tone of voice, demanded to see the captain, who instantly made his appearance.

“ Well, Sir, es be comed to zee the beds that Lord Winnington bespoke vor ma.”

“ Beds, Sir !—Lord Winnington !—I know no such person.”

“ Good now ! What doee tello. Why zose he just now bespoke three, besides some for his servants, and two vor ma.”

“ I am not the landlord of this house, Sir, but will send him :” said the captain, opening the door to withdraw.

“ You be in a cruel hurry ; zure this be some mistake. I want the captain that be going to France, if you be he ? ”

“ I am, Sir, at your service. ”

“ Good now, what do ee tello, you be the captain and not know Lord Winnington ? he was here just now with an elderly gentleman and a young one. He be my very good friend, and spake vor passage vor ma and ma Emily. ”

“ I beg your pardon, Sir, three gentlemen were with me just now, and agreed for their passage, and two servants—they take their carriages ; but I heard no name but Hill, and I judged the young gentlemen were his sons. ”

“ No, no, one o’ them be my very good friend Lord Winnington ; he be a man o’ great consequence, and will be cruel angry if you dont give ma and ma daughter two o’ your best beds. ”

“ As you are the friend of so great a man you may depend on me ; I will take care of that, ” said the captain, with a bow and a smile, which shewed in how contemptible a light he held this silly arrogant man.

He made the agreement with the captain, who did not let any opportunity slip of making him pay for the very great re-

spect he demanded, as the good friend of Lord Winnington. He saw his weak side, and humour'd it; flattering him to the door with repeated bows, declaring, he was happy in knowing he should have such honourable Gentlemen sail with him.

“ Yes, zure, you be very lucky in that. We be all acceptable men zure, but do ee mind, his Lordship will be cruel angry if you do not treat ma well.”

As he entered the Inn, the waiter told him supper waited.

“ Nan,” said Mr. Bean, not perfectly understanding him.

“ Supper has been waiting this half hour,” repeated the man.

“ Do ee send it up. Good now, good now, I’ve made his Lordship wait.”

He entered the room wiping his face, and adjusting his wig. “ My Lord, and your honours, I be cruel sorry you have waited zure.”

“ We have been waiting,” said Mr. Hill, “ a little while. I hope nothing disagreeable has happened?”

“ No, Mr. Hill, nothing, only es has been troubled to make the captain understand what es wanted; ofaid he did not know his Lordship, when es ask vor two ohis best beds; ofaid he had nine. Such

jumble never was, othought es wanted beds at tha inn ; but es zettled it all vielle."

" I am sorry, father, you have had so much trouble about it."

" You must be a good girl, and repay your vather we duty ; and you must be kind and humble to your aunt, and do all she bids you ; and perhaps she may gee tha good stub."

The entrance of supper was a seasonable relief to poor Emily ; she saw by their looks that some of her father's discourse was unintelligible to the Gentlemen, which she would have explained, but it would have cost her a blush ; and she felt happy in their ignorance of her father's last sentiment.

Soon after supper they received a message from the captain, informing them he would sail in the morning ; as the wind began to veer, he hoped they would hold themselves in readiness, so as to get on board in half an hour after he should send. Miss Bean immediately took her leave for the night, as did Lord Winnington and Henry, leaving Mr. Hill to settle with the landlord. They slept in the same room. Mr. Hill in a smaller one through their's. As they entered, Henry turned carelessly on his heel ; his eye glided round the room,

yet saw nothing ; at the same moment did his hand involuntarily drop into his waistcoat pocket on the purse Mary gave him at their departure : his thoughts that moment ran post to Lutherdale Hall.

He drew out the silken token of love and sisterly affection from his pocket—" Ha, my dear Mary !" putting his hand in the purse, " in every knot have you tied an additional portion of my love ! Soft as this silken texture is my affection for you ; with this difference—time, which will decay and bring to nothing this dear gift, will only strengthen my affection and tenderness."

Lord Winnington had observed Henry, and listened attentively to his soliloquy ; at last interrupted him—

" Stay, my friend, I have something of this nature to talk about ; here it is (holding the purse Mary had given him between his finger and thumb).—Now let us begin ; try which can be most profuse in our declarations of love and tenderness, then we will end in a warm panegyric on her virtues." This little start threw Henry into a fit of laughter, in which his Lordship joined,

At that moment Mr. Hill entered the room, delighted at seeing his young friends so merry ; enquired the cause, of which



Lord William informed him, and repeated Henry's soliloquy.

"Well, well, we will each write an eulogium on silk purses, the gift of friendship; for I, young men, have as much cause."

"Hold, Sir," cried Henry, "I have more than either: see there, see what the dear girl has put in mine;" laying the note on the table.

"Generous, provident creature," said his Lordship.

"Indeed, my Lord," said Henry, "I must send it back, I cannot think of keeping it; the dear girl could but ill spare this from her trifling allowance of pocket money."

"By no means," said Mr. Hill, "a present so kind and delicately given must be accepted; it would hurt Mary's feelings too sensibly. If I may advise, change the note for cash; when in France you may give your gold to advantage for the coin of the country, then lay it out on the most useful article you can buy for your sister."

Henry approved of Mr. Hill's proposal, and the note was changed. They wished each other good night, and were nearly in bed, when a most dreadful noise was heard

in the kitchen, the door of which opened into the stable-yard, as did the window of their bed-room. They pushed up the sash to listen to the outcry. The landlady ran screaming into the yard, the maids following her, joining in the yell.—Mr. Hill called to know what was the matter.

“ O Lord, Sir, two men are fighting ; one of them belongs to you, I believe.—They are both outlandish ; I do not understand a word they say. They have been fighting this hour.”

Mr. Hill knew he had none but English servants ; but as the noise grew louder, he went down to the kitchen, Lord Winington and Henry followed. There they saw Mr. Bean's servant engaged in a desperate battle with another man. They had struck each other with good will—the blood running in various streams down their faces.

The bustle disturbed Mr. Bean, who entered the kitchen with his night cap tied under his chin, a loose-coat thrown over his shoulders, his shoes in one hand, and Emily in the other. Mr. Hill had been endeavouring for some time to part the combatants to no purpose. Mr. Bean, as soon as he found his servant was engaged

in the fray, committed Emily to the care of Lord William, and forced his way to the disputants ; with one blow he knocked down his servant's adversary, and with the other hand he collared John.

“ Lack ! lack ! good now, what be ee vighting vor Jan ?

“ O! meafter! cham glad you be a comed ; there be Rabin es teld ee un that took my Darathy vram ma ; chave draffen en, an drub es, he'll veel it vor wan while chill warrandy.”

“ Hots thet tha zeart,” replied his antagonist, “ noa, noa, Jan, that's a great lee ; come out an es ell gei tha a whister-poop, as ell gee tha a welch in tha leu, an than tha may groap about like a chick a va day.”

“ Thee be a pretty vella fath, chill try thafe,” returned John.

“ No, no,” said Mr. Bean, who was the only person present that understood them, “ no, no, you shall vight no more ; you must be vriends ; but you be a bad man, Rabin, to take Jan's Darathy vram him.”

“ God blefs ee, zo see it was no fault o' mine ; Jan left Parrycomb to live at Moulton, zo zes Daratha to ma ; Jan be valse

hearted: thoa zes I weit ha ma——as zoon a thia weit zas she; and zo we went to tha parson, es vul not roily upon eny Kepen, zoul; nif he vul, es ell gei him ma hand, an vul drink en be vriends.”

“ And I will pay for what you drink,” said Lord Winnington.

“ You be mearty good, your honor.—Hearkee, Jan, vul ee drink? es werdant ha tha, go in ill-will wee ma; zure an’ zure do ee drink drink wee ma.”

After some persuasions John forgave his fortunate rival; they drank together and retired to bed. The landlady having first applied some of her family plaster to the wounds and scratches on the faces of John and Robin.

Mr. Bean informed the gentlemen, that this was the first time John had met Robin since he became the happy husband of Dorothy; he exulted in the victory, and treated John as a vanquished enemy. The honest hearted John disclaimed the annoyance of Robin, and returned back his insults with his knuckles, to the great disturbance of the house.

Early in the morning the captain sent to inform them he was ready to sail, only waited their coming on board. As they passed through the inn yard, Robin was

saddling his master's horse, who was standing by. Mr. Bean soon recognized the lawyer of Moulton; a hearty how do you do? passed.

He was on his way from London, where he had been on business, and as he seldom took so long a journey, he, for the sake of seeing all he could, and out of respect to his client's pocket, made a circuit of upwards of three hundred miles, instead of little more than two hundred. Thus was the unexpected appearance of Robin accounted for.

The weather being favourable, they had a quick and pleasant passage. The next day they arrived at Dieppe. Miss Emily immediately went to bed; the gentlemen followed her example after an early supper.

In the morning, every necessary preliminary being settled, the post horses were ordered, and the gentlemen took their leave of Mr. and Miss Bean, who intended to stay a day or two at Dieppe. Mr. Bean having some business to settle with a merchant of whom he frequently had made great purchases, as he had carried on, in a most extensive manner, the illicit trade of



smuggling, a practice so injurious to the revenue.

Our good, grave, conscientious senators do well to make and enact laws and penalties against it ; but it would be better, could they make and enforce laws in their own domestic governments, to prevent their wives and daughters from furnishing their card-tables, tea-tables, and wardrobes, from the warehouses of these illegal traders.

Our happy travellers met with nothing but agreeables. At Paris they spent six months, not one instant of that time was lost. In March they left that gay city, and its gayer inhabitants, and proceeded to the south of France. At Beziers, they were delighted with the canal, and rode three miles from the town to see a wonderful reservoir of water, contained in a basin hewn out of a solid rock, into which two rivers empty themselves, and from this reservoir the canal is supplied. Here the beauties of the south broke in upon them : their paths were strewed with aromatic herbs, and their views often terminated by that most delightful of all seas, the Mediterranean.

At Montpellier the Place de Pegiou excited their admiration ; the sublimity of

the views filled their thinking moralizing minds with just views of the infinitude of the great Creator. On one view the soft bosom of the Pyrenees, covered with snow, dazzle the eye ; on the other side, the darker Alps lead it on till the object is lost in the clouds, while the soft blue waters of the Mediterranean finish this grand and beautiful scene.

At Nîmes they proposed to stay some days, as Henry had a letter given him by his father to deliver to an aunt, who was Lady Abbess to a convent of Benedictine nuns. At supper, they learned from the waiter that the convent was full two leagues distant ; that the road was pleasant, and diversified by many fine chateaus. To this place they determined to go the next morning ; “ and there,” said Mr. Hill, “ we shall be at liberty to go or stay.”

The carriage being ready at the hour appointed, they set forward, in high spirits, to visit the venerable nuns. It being a cross road, they found it narrow, but extremely beautiful ; corn, wine, and oil growing on all sides of them, was highly gratifying to their sense of seeing ; but *that* of smelling was regaled in a much higher degree by the quantity of thyme, lavender,

and numberless other odoriferous herbs, growing in great abundance in every hedge and path, adding their balmy sweets to the refreshing gale which wantonly salutes the passing traveller.

At the convent gate, the porterefs attending to their ring, they were told that the lady abbess was not well, and had not been seen that day by any but Signora Valena, her favourite novice, and Father Quintine, her confessor.

“ Be so kind as to take that letter to her ; we will wait for an answer,” said Henry.

The porterefs quickly returned, saying, the abbess was too ill to read it ; but begged to know from whom it came.

“ From her nephew, Henry Guraville ; I am his son, and wish much to pay my respects to her,” replied Henry.

The lady abbess received this message with pleasure, saying, she would be happy to embrace her dear nephew’s son as soon as she was able to receive him, and begged they would take some refreshment.

Mr. Hill wished to decline the offer, but Lord Winnington and Henry both had a great desire to see the inside of a convent ; they looked their wishes, and Mr. Hill acquiesced. They were conducted to the

parlour, and in a few minutes, some ham, bread, wine, and dried fruits, with sweet-meats and confectionary, were placed on the table. As they sat, several boarders peeped through the grate and retired. They turned again towards the grating, on hearing a noise and rustling, to their great surprise they saw Miss Bean. She was overjoyed at seeing them, and eagerly put her hand through the grate to take theirs. She was chid by her aunt, who was standing by. Mr. Hill bowing respectfully, said, it was the pleasure such an unexpected meeting gave to Miss Emily; that they were travelling friends, and hoped she would allow them the happiness of conversing a short time. The aunt curtsied consent; she was perfectly acquainted with the three gentlemen as soon as she saw them, having had an exact description of their persons from Emily, and a minute account of their journey from England. Mr. Hill conversed some time with sister-Grandville, and from her they heard a most pleasing account of the lady abbess.

The gentlemen took their leave, having given their address to Emily, highly delighted with the accounts they had heard of the abbess.

After the visit, they amused themselves with viewing the natural beauties and ancient ruins of Nîmes. The amphitheatre for some time engaged their attention ; such a vast pile of building, all of stone, and the seats so admirably constructed as to contain many thousand people, that each might pass and repass without annoying the other, may well arrest the eye of the traveller.

The houses built in the area, near two thousand in number, which spoil and disgrace this beautiful ruin, greatly offended them ; but they were informed that these houses were to be pulled down, and this ancient and once magnificent building, be preserved, as a monument to future ages of the grandeur and excellence of the gothic architecture. The *Maison de Guavee*, built, some say, in honour of Marcus and Lucius, sons of Agrippa, by Trajan, and the delightful ruins of the Temple of Diana they visited.

They next went to the Roman Baths, which gratified them beyond description—  
“ This,” cried Henry, “ is fairy land ;” as they passed along the walks, shaded with trees, pressing with their feet, at every step, a profusion of odoriferous sweets.



“Yes,” returned his Lordship, “and there are the fairies washing”

As the baths at the end of the walk opened to their view, they perceived five or six women, their petticoats pinned above their knees, washing their linen. At a sight so new it was impossible not to stare with wonder; but on observing the injury it did to the beautiful white stone round the baths, as well as to the verdure on the banks, they could not but regret that a people possessed of such luxuries, both of nature and art, should make so bad a use of them.

On the fourth day, Henry received a letter from the abbess, saying, she would be happy to see him and his friends the next day, to dine with her.

The good nun received Henry with an affectionate embrace; to his friends she behaved with that ease and politeness, peculiar to women who have spent their youth at the court of France; her conversation was lively, animated, and instructive, and truly entertaining to her visitors; her remarks on men, manners, and things in general, were pertinent and just; she possessed a wonderful store of anecdote and story, all excellent and genuine; her fund was exhaustless. Mr.

Hill found all equally worthy of notice. The lady abbess was equally charmed with her visitors; on taking leave, she begged to be favoured with their company the next day.

They found the lady abbess waiting their arrival, though they reached the convent at an early hour. She conducted them to the gardens, which were extensive, and laid out with taste and elegance. A great profusion of roses and other flowers, turfed walks shaded with orange trees, whose fragrant blossoms scented the air; and the almond, peach, and nectarine added their sweets; the gardens were thickly hedged round with the gloomy cypress.

They afterwards visited the baths, and the greatest part of the convent. In the cells they found the sisters variously employed, in reading, writing, embroidery, and lace making. As they passed through the chapel some of the nuns were preparing for prayers.

The lady abbess introduced to her visitors a nun, named Lucea: she was organist, and practising a little voluntary, while Signora Valeria, a young Neapolitan, in the first year of her noviciate, was sitting by her humming a new hymn.

Sister Lucca, at the request of the abbess, played several hymns in a capital stile, and Signora Valeria sung with great taste and judgment.

It was now the hour of high mass, and the abbess, with a smile, said, "You will not pray with us, I suppose, gentlemen: give me leave to shew you to the parlour, you will find both books and music to amuse you."

"Will there be any impropriety in our remaining in the chapel during high mass? if not, it will be highly gratifying to us," said Mr. Hill.

"Not in the least," replied the abbess, "the sisterhood will feel themselves honoured by your presence. Let me lead you to a seat."

There was a solemnity in the chapel, and an indelible placid serenity in the faces and air of all the nuns, which had a wonderful effect on the minds of the gentlemen. For some minutes before prayers began a gloomy silence reigned, which led their minds to a serious train of thought and reflection.

When the organ struck up, they were electrified. The music was grand and bold; but when the sisters joined their voices, they

were lost in extacy ; it was like the whole choir of heaven gliding on theirs.

Some of the nuns had most enchanting voices, and they all sung with taste.— High mass being ended, Father Quintin delivered a short exhortation to the nuns, and they retired.

Lord Winnington and Henry amused themselves with the piano forte which stood in the parlour for the use of the boarders.

Mr. Hill and Father Quintin walked round the convent : on the south was a hill of an amazing length, beautifully dressed with firs and mountain ash, and carpeted with moss.

They climbed the hill to a certain height, where was a seat fixed round a tree, by order of the abbot, for the accommodation of the brothers of the convent to which Father Quintin belonged. The view from this spot was extensive and rich ; looking down on numberless chateaux, gardens, and vineyards, bounded by the Pyrenees, Alps, and Mediterranean.

At dinner, Mr. Hill gave his young friends an account of his ramble. They were delighted with the relation, and en-

gaged Father Quintin to accompany them the next day to the charming spot.

The lady abbess enquired very minutely of Henry concerning his mother and sisters, and repeatedly expressed a desire to see them.

Father Quintin conducted Lord Winton and Henry to the hill, according to his promise, and many other fine views within a few miles of the convent.

In returning, he brought them to the convent he was a brother of, and introduced his young friends to the lord abbot, who received them with great cordiality; said, he hoped they would honour him with their company at dinner. They thanked the abbot for his friendly invitation; but begged to be excused, as they had promised to dine at the Benedictine convent, where they had left a friend.

The abbot then accepted their excuse, on condition that they would dine with him the next day, and bring their friend with them; which they promised, and took their leave, well pleased with the frank manners and jolly countenances of the merry faced Carmelites.



## C H A P. IX.

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She due obedience paid her ancient friend,  
As on the bed of lingering death she lay;  
With pious care she nursed her to her end,  
With friendship's tender flowers she strew'd the way.

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ON the family's arrival in town, Mary expected to have found Celina waiting her coming, but was greatly disappointed, as no one appeared but Mr. Morley and the servant. Mr. Guraville had commissioned Mr. Morley to engage a house for him, which he did, and being informed of the time of their coming to town, he went to receive them.

As soon as Mary alighted from the carriage she enquired for Celina. Mr. Morley said, that Mrs. Goodall continued so extremely ill, he did not like to leave her entirely under the care of a nurse; "besides," added he, "every moment that Celina is

from her, she is so restless and miserable that I cannot think of her leaving her."

"You will lose me soon, my dear Celina," she says, "I must leave you for ever; give me as much of your company as you possibly can, the little time I remain here. You, my dear child, are all my care—all my comfort and happiness on this side the grave."

"Those tender complainings and ardent supplications Celina cannot withstand, how ever desirous she might be to welcome you to town. She knows not how, even for one hour, to separate herself from her dying friend. She commissioned me to say every thing for her, to her dear Mary, and her valuable friends."

"Amiable girl," said Mrs. Guraville, "there needs no apology on her part; I sincerely feel for her situation. Mary and I will see her to-morrow; perhaps a visit from us for a few minutes will cheer the spirits of Mrs. Goodall, and if Mary can assist Celina in her melancholy task she will be happy to do it."

Mr. Morley thanked Mrs. Guraville for her kindness, and after supper took his leave.

The next morning Mrs. Guraville and Mary drove to Gower-street, where they found poor Mrs. Goodall suffering under a dreadful complaint on her liver. The physician was with her when Mrs. Guraville entered the room ; as he left his patient, she followed to ask his opinion ; he said, nothing could be done for her, and a few weeks will terminate her life.

“ You, Madam, I perceive are a friend of Mrs. Goodall and Miss Morley’s ; she is a most attentive nurse, and loves Mrs. Goodall with the affection of a daughter.—It is a mournful task I would impose, but I trust you will in kindness—in friendship to the lovely girl, prepare her for the worst. The death of Mrs. Goodall is inevitable, and Miss Morley should be told so.”

Mrs. Guraville assured the physician that, however painful the task, she certainly would undertake it ; with a hope that it would lessen the severity of the shock to Celina.

Mrs. Goodall was much amused and revived by this kind visit. While Mrs. Guraville was chatting with her, Mary and Celina were entertaining each other by reciting every little occurrence that had taken place since their last meeting. The

lovely Celina had many melancholy scenes to disclose.

“The great loss my father has met with,” said she, “has deprived me of many of the elegancies of life; but none of its comforts, except that of seeing my father cheerful and happy. I have now reason to fear that it soon will be followed by a much greater and irreparable one, which will be far more severely felt both by my father and myself.” Here her tears flowed and stopped her utterance.

Mary attempted, by the powers of her rhetoric, to calm her afflicted friend, but in vain. So painfully did she anticipate the approaching calamity that she sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Guraville entering the room at that instant, enquired the cause of her grief.—Mary related all that had passed, particularly that part of their discourse which had so sensibly affected Celina.

Mrs. Guraville took this opportunity of soothing her spirits, and preparing her mind for the melancholy change that, according to the natural course of things, must shortly take place; and that she must endeavour to look forward to the separation with calmness and resignation; and smooth the

pillow of her friend with filial care and attention; approach her bed with the calm smile of hope: do not disturb her with your excessive grief and unavailing sorrow.

The mind may, by the tender soothing of a friend, and the just religious reasoning of a truly devout Christian, be brought to such a degree of placid serenity and firmness, as to hear the most dreadful truths unmoved. The soul may, indeed, feel the shock; but the mind thus armed, will bear up against the most fatal blow that can be struck at its dearest affections.

Celina had, by the kind and friendly advice of Mrs. Guraville, acquired a considerable degree of firmness and resignation. She heard from her lips the certainty of Mrs. Goodall's approaching dissolution with calmness, and uttered a pious ejaculation for the soul of her suffering friend, and for the Omnipotent's all-supporting arm to give her strength to bear whatever it was his will to afflict her with.

Mrs. Guraville felt herself more at ease when she had performed this duty to Celina, and happy to find in her so much good sense and amiableness of disposition. Mary remained all day with Celina, and Mrs.



Guraville sent the carriage for her in the evening.

As Celina could not leave the chamber of Mrs. Goodall, Mary generally made her a visit once a day. The time spent with her was the only recreation Celina allowed herself during Mrs. Goodall's long and painful illness.

One morning, about six weeks after their arrival in town, Mrs. Guraville received a note from Mr. Morley, informing her that Mrs. Goodall was no more. Her death was as exemplary as her life. She was for many days sensible of her approaching end, and she met it with all that placid serenity which a life well spent insures to the dying Christian.

After breakfast, Mrs. Guraville ordered the carriage, and, with Mary, drove to Mr. Morley's, to offer their consolations and services to Celina and her father. The latter they found tranquil. Mrs. Guraville assisted in ordering the funeral and mourning; wished to take Celina home with her till after the funeral, but she could not be prevailed on to leave the body of her dear departed friend.

"No, my dear Madam," said Celina to Mrs. Guraville, "there is nothing so ter-

rible in death as to induce me to fly from the body of my dear Mrs. Goodall—my more than mother. It is true, I dreaded death as he was making his approaches; but he is come, the final blow is struck, and I have no more to fear. My greatest consolation now, is to visit the dear remains of her whose memory will ever be held sacred by me; to contemplate those features I have so often beheld with delight, and press those dear lips from which so many excellent precepts have flowed. Suffer me, my dear Madam, for the few days the body will remain in the house, thus to indulge my grief; after that, I promise to be all you wish, and, by my father's leave, will spend a day or two with you."

Mrs. Guraville could urge nothing against Celina's wish that could have any weight, nor could she offer any arguments against a resolution so perfectly consonant with the tender regard she ever felt for Mrs. Goodall.

Mrs. Guraville could not but admire and applaud Celina's pious care to her friend after death: it had a sincerity in it indisputable, and heightened her opinion of this incomparable girl.

"How mean," said Mrs. Guraville,

“how weak and pusillanimous, is the fashionable, but unnatural custom, of leaving the body of a dear deceased friend to the care of unfeeling strangers.”

The remains of Mrs. Goodall were, according to her desire, deposited by the side of Mrs. Morley.

Celina became more tranquil, and turned her thoughts upon her living friends; tho’ frequently a sigh would escape her when busy recollection brought her dear departed friend to her mind—it would carry her back to her years of infancy—then would lead her on through thoughtless childhood to the mature years of youth; in all which stages of life, she beheld Mrs. Goodall in the different characters of mother, nurse, playmate, and instructress. Nor did she lose one grain of respect for her memory by the recollection of her condescending thus to fall into all Celina’s little pleasures, as well as her instruction.

Celina spent some time with Mary; but Mr. Morley so sensibly felt the loss of his loved daughter’s amiable society, that he could no longer dispense with such a privation: the evenings were long, and he felt himself unfit for any other company.

At length it was agreed, that Celina should spend three evenings in each week with Mary, and Mary as many with her as she could spare from her gayer acquaintance.

## C H A P. X.

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That tyrant Hope, mark how she domineers;  
She bids us quit realities for dreams,  
Safety and peace for hazard and alarm.

YOUNG.

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THE theatre was a place of amusement which both Mr. Guraville and Mr. Morley approved, and there Mary and Celina frequently went, accompanied by Mrs. Guraville: it was the only public place that Celina frequented.

Mary, indeed, from her mother's connexions, was introduced to balls, routs, and many gay circles, but it never lessened the natural attachment she had to an evening spent round their social domestic fire side: her favourite spaniel stretched before it, the candles on the table, and the quintetto round it, consisting of her father, mother, Mr. Morley, Celina, and herself; sometimes the lovely



Eliza would make a cushion of her lap for Chloe's head, and twist her ears till she squeaked, not quite in unison with the piano forte, which Mary and Celina alternately sat down to, and gave celerity to the hours. Thus innocently and cheerfully passed their long winter evenings.

One morning Mr. Guraville, among other letters, received one which, from the post-mark, he saw came from France, and judged it was from Henry, or his friends. The superscription arrested his eye, he knew not the hand-writing; but how great was his surprise when he read the following letter from his aunt:

“ MY DEAR NEPHEW,

“ I am quite charmed with your engaging son. He and his accomplished friends have spent much time with me, and have done me the favour to protract their stay at Nismes much beyond the time first fixed; the sacrifice is very flattering, for a sacrifice it must be to gay young men, giving up so many hours to an old recluse that might be spent in the gayer circles of the too enchanting world.

“ I fear at times I fatigue your dear Henry with questions respecting my family, from which I have been an alien from my infancy.—I have endeavoured, but in vain, to trace the lineaments of your face in that of your son. The worthy Mr. Hill tells me he resembles his mother, who, from the exalted character she bears as a wife, mother, and Christian, my soul longs to embrace.

“ Your eldest daughter, I am informed by your truly valuable friends, is extremely like you in person, and possesses all her mother’s bright virtues and sweet engaging manners. Can you, my dear nephew, trust this inestimable girl to my care for some time. I am well aware how great the favour is I ask ; but, before you say a word on the subject, recollect that you have intrusted as great, as invaluable a treasure to the care of Mr. Hill, and consider if I am less worthy and less capable to have so dear a charge.

“ You will possibly object to granting my request on account of the difference in our religious principles : of this you may rest assured, that I shall studiously

“ avoid ever discoursing with her on that  
“ subject.

“ Although I have been for many years  
“ a recluse, and have lived in constant  
“ acts of religious duty, and by unfeigned  
“ piety have gained the esteem of all my  
“ sister nuns, and have been judged worthy  
“ of being placed at the head of this sister-  
“ hood, yet I am not a slave to bigotry ;  
“ a name truly disgusting to the religious  
“ soul.

“ No, my dear nephew ! I have not  
“ forgot that the dear worthy parents who  
“ gave me life were Protestants. It was  
“ my fate, when little more than three  
“ years old, to be left to the care of a  
“ good woman, who inculcated the prin-  
“ ciples of her religion in my youthful  
“ mind. But they were good ; they taught  
“ me to respect virtue wherever, and in  
“ whomsoever I found it ; to ask of the  
“ great Creator every good I wished for,  
“ and return him unfeigned thanks for  
“ every blessing received and enjoyed ;  
“ and to believe in his only son, Jesus  
“ Christ, as my blessed Redeemer.

“ When my parents returned from Spain,  
“ they found me married to a worthy man  
“ of the same persuasion. They saw I was  
“ happy, and knew I could but be so ;

“ they left me to enjoy that faith I had  
“ been taught to hold good, justly be-  
“ lieving that every good work, every sin-  
“ cere and ardent prayer is acceptable to  
“ God ; that the soul of every truly good  
“ Christian will meet its promised reward ;  
“ that the ear of the Almighty is open to  
“ the suppliant in whatever form he puts  
“ forth his prayer.

“ Since the death of my son I have not  
“ had resolution enough to settle my affairs  
“ with the world. My estate at Auvignon,  
“ which was my son's, and which on his  
“ death devolved to me again, remains  
“ unthought of : the rents are paid me  
“ once a year, and lay by as useless trash ;  
“ as often as I see the pernicious gold my  
“ thoughts turn to you. There is a de-  
“ gree of selfishness attached to our natures  
“ which we cannot shake off ; it pursues  
“ us even to the dreary cells of a convent.  
“ The mind is often too much engaged on  
“ self, whether it is in pursuit of brighter  
“ worlds beyond the grave, or of greater  
“ riches and pleasures in this. Whatever  
“ be the pursuit, self is the object ; and so  
“ wholly is the mind engrossed by it, that  
“ we cannot spare one moment to perform

“ those duties we owe to our relations,  
“ friends, and fellow-creatures.

“ I am a proof of this observation, and  
“ the appearance of your son has awakened  
“ this truth in my mind. I felt a con-  
“ scious blush overspread my cheek at the  
“ recollection of the injustice I did my  
“ family in neglecting these worldly trifles.  
“ I have bestowed handsomely on this con-  
“ vent, and, by the time you receive this,  
“ I shall have made my will in due form,  
“ and leave your eldest daughter my *sole*  
“ *legatee*.

“ I do not mention this by way of draw-  
“ ing her to me : let me conjure you, if  
“ you love and respect me, not to part  
“ with her if you feel the least reluctance,  
“ and, on her part, her excuses will be  
“ kindly received, should she prefer staying  
“ in England.

“ Make my love and prayers acceptable  
“ to Mrs. Guraville, and esteem me, my  
“ dear nephew,

“ Your affectionate Aunt,

“ MARIA DU SAINT.”

This letter gave Mr. Guraville at once both pain and pleasure ; he took it instantly to his Myra, who was astonished at receiving a letter from Madam du



Saint, never having been honoured with her correspondence before.

They knew not what answer to return, nor if Mary would willingly accept the invitation. They agreed to make themselves acquainted with her inclinations before shewing her the letter.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Guraville would rather have kept Mary in England; but to accept of Madame du Saint's offer would be much to her advantage: the will might be made in her favour, but who could answer for the caprice of an old woman.

The day the letter was received Mary was engaged to dine out. The next morning a gentleman took his breakfast with them, which prevented the subject being discussed.

Mrs. Guraville was anxious to know Mary's inclination; the matter interested her, it lay near her heart; she would have done any thing, and suffered any thing, to have insured Mary her aunt's fortune. Life was uncertain, and if any thing should happen to Mr. Guraville, there was only an estate of six hundred a year to support herself and children,

and that estate Henry could claim when he came of age.

Soon after breakfast the servant brought Mary a letter. It was from Henry, and contained an account of the venerable nun. He spoke of her in the highest terms ; described their several receptions at the Benedictine convent, and his unexpected meeting with Miss Bean, of whom he had spoken to his sister in one of his former letters.

He concluded with saying, he thought it a great pity that so charming, so sensible a woman as Madam du Saint, should be immured in a convent. When she quitted the world her whole circle of acquaintance must have felt her loss. He really thought the lady abbess and the whole sisterhood deserved the title they took. There being none of that austerity of manners, and but few who bore the cold sullen marks of dissent which he had read was too visible in the face of every nun.

As soon as Mary had perused the letter she ran with all speed to her mamma ; who, after reading it, secretly exulted that Henry had given so pleasant an account of Madam du Saint, as it might greatly induce Mary to accept her invitation.

“ Well, my dear Mary,” said Mrs. Guraville, “ what do you think of this good lady abbess your brother has said so much about? the party appears to be unwilling to leave the lively nuns.”

“ From his account, mamma, I think she must be a most charming woman, and I should like to spend some time with her. If a mind so enlarged as Mr. Hill’s can find pleasure and entertainment in her company for a month or more, to me her store of entertainment would be exhaustless; for you know, mamma, little minds are amused with trifles.”

“ Should you really like to spend a year or two shut up in a convent?”

“ Indeed I should, mamma, if it was possible. I would take much pains to make myself perfect mistress of French; and nuns, I am told, are very clever at all sorts of fine needle work and embroidery. From them I should like to receive instructions; for it was always my ambition to excel in every fine fancy work.”

“ O! my dear! you seem to have been consulting with yourself on this subject; but do you consider, that when you are tired of work, reading, and music, and are looking for variety, it will be out of your reach; no theatres, no balls, no

walks, but the gardens which you have fauntered over so many times ; that each flower is familiar to your eye, and the branches of the gloomy cypress have been numbered a thousand times in your vacant hours.

“ Recollect, my dear, there are few things that will not tire and grow irksome from repetition. The love of variety is innate in human nature, and those that subdue that desire are most amiable ; it argues a strength of mind, and a proper knowlege of our duty to ourselves.”

“ No, indeed, mamma ; the thought never entered my head till I received this letter from my brother, nor do I entertain the least hope of ever seeing this good lady abbess. Yet, I am sure, I could be very happy there for some time, and would make myself perfect mistress of French, which would be my delight and pride ; but it is only the thought of a moment which Henry’s letter gave birth to, and will die as soon.”

“ If you are really serious, read that letter, my dear, and then tell me if you continue in the same mind.”

As Mary read Madam du Saint’s letter the colour in her cheek heightened and re-

ceded two or three times. Having perused the letter, she returned it, saying, “In deed, mamma, I feel a great inclination to make a visit to my aunt.”

“Ha, my dear! have you an eye to the estate at Auvignon?”

“I own,” answered Mary, “it has some little weight, for which I hope you will not blame me. It may be called selfish—I allow it is so; but had the estate at Auvignon been out of the question it would still be the same. Nay, my wish to go before I knew my aunt had an inclination to see me, was a desire created by a selfish motive—the motive of improving and pleasing myself; but now I think the inclination I feel to oblige my aunt, will take from me the odium of being altogether selfish.”

“Well, my dear, I declare you are an excellent sophist already. I think I may venture to say your father will be much pleased to find you have so great an inclination to oblige your aunt.”

At dinner Mrs. Guraville related what had passed between her and Mary. Mr. Guraville expressed his pleasure at finding she was disposed to accept of Madam du Saint’s invitation, and hoped it would prove much to her advantage; adding “I



will write to her to-morrow, and inform her of your determination. When shall I say she may expect you?"

This question threw them into a sort of dilemma. How she should go became a question of some difficulty. There was no other means than sending for Henry to conduct her to Nismes.

The next day Mr. Guraville wrote to his aunt, acknowledging her favour, and that Mary would with pleasure accept her offer. This letter was accompanied with one for Henry, concerning Mary's intended journey to Nismes.

Mary flew to acquaint Celina with every thing that was about to take place. As soon as she got out of the carriage she ran up stairs to her quite out of breath.

"My dear Celina, I have such news to tell you—I am quite delighted!"

"That it is good I judge from your countenance, and I am happy when you are pleased."

"O!—it is charming! delightful!—I am going to France for two or three years, my dear girl."

"And is that such good news, my dear Mary? to me it is sad indeed. For two or three years, say you! am I then,

for such a cruel length of time, to be deprived of the greatest pleasure on earth? the only happiness at present in my power to enjoy. You know, my dear Mary, you are the only friend I have, my dear father excepted."

"O, my dear Celina!" said Mary, throwing her arms around her neck, "I never till now recollected, that by this journey I should be deprived of your company: it so delighted me, I confess, that the idea of our being separated never once occurred to me; but now I feel my inclinations waver, and self-interest yields to friendship."

Celina enquired the cause of this sudden journey. Mary told her every circumstance, and gave her Madam du Saint's letter to read.

Celina returned it, saying, "My dear Mary, I can now reconcile myself to your absence, since it is likely to be of so much benefit to you."

Mary was busy preparing for her departure. Celina spent as much time with her as she could spare from her father and the domestic duties of his house.

Whenever she looked forward to her friend's departure, she felt a strong presentiment that it would be long before they should meet again : her spirits sunk at the thought, and she knew not why.

## C H A P. XI.

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Friendship's the wine of life ; but friendship now  
(Not such as his) is neither strong nor pure.

O ! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,  
And elevating spirit of a friend.

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YOUNG.

MR. Hill, Lord Winington, and Henry, obeyed the lord abbot's invitation, and they made as good a dinner, and passed as convivial an hour afterwards with the holy Carmelites, as they would have done at a venison feast in England.

In their way back to their hotel, they stopped at the Benedictine convent, to enquire after the health of the lady abbess and the sisterhood. They received for answer, that they were all in good health, and that the lady abbess should expect them to dinner the next day.

It was well they were not admitted into the convent, as the good Carmelites' wine began to operate, and their spirits were in too high a key to suit the sober gravity of nuns.

The lady abbess was well pleased with the account they gave of the entertainment they met with at the convent of Carmelites. She told Henry she had written a long letter to his father, but did not mention the purport. He said, his father would be much gratified, and lamented she had never honoured them with her correspondence before; that he hardly knew he had such a relation till a few weeks before he left England.

“ I believe, my dear Henry,” said Madam du Saint, “ your father is not much acquainted with the history of my life; if it will afford you any entertainment I will relate it.”

Mr. Hill expressed his desire to be informed of as much of her story as she chose to relate; Lord Winington and Henry joining in the request, the good lady proceeded as follows:—

“ My dear friends, I fear you will be but ill repaid for your time and attention to my little tale; but, by the strange vicissitudes of my life, you will see the little



reliance that is to be placed on the stability of human happiness, when the source of that happiness arises in frail mortals.

“ My father married a Miss Vipont, an amiable young lady, whose friends were French refugees. Soon after the birth of their first child, who was your grandfather, they received letters from some of Mrs. Guraville’s relations, who were resident at Auvignon, intimating, that if she, with her husband, would come and reside with them, they might, through their interest, recover a large estate which once belonged to her father.

“ They left England immediately ; but my grandfather would not let them take their infant son. He insisted on having the care of him till they returned, or were permanently fixed in their estate.— My grandfather was very much displeased at my father’s marriage, as Miss Vipont had no fortune ; and my parents, who were glad to find he felt so much affection for their child, did not hesitate to leave him, hoping by that means to conciliate their father’s love.

“ On their arrival at Auvignon, they were received with great kindness by Monsieur and Madam Renneau.

“ Monsieur Renneau was indefatigable in my mother’s interest. Each morning brought fresh hopes ; but, before the evening closed, the fallacy of those appeared—yet new ones hourly arose. In this manner they were led on from day to day.

“ About eight months after their arrival at Auvignon, my mother presented my father with a daughter. Madam Renneau was delighted with this addition to the family. They would not suffer them to leave their house till (they said) they could take possession of the estate they were in pursuit of.

“ A twelvemonth more elapsed, and they found themselves as far from the attainment of their wishes as at first.

“ About that time a gentleman, a native of Spain, made a visit there. He was a distant relation of Madam Renneau. My father’s manners were very pleasing to this Spaniard, and before they had known each other a week they were on terms of the strictest intimacy. He staid near three months, and in that time became acquainted with my father’s affairs. He then made him a very advantageous offer of entering into partnership with him ; which my father accepted, with

the concurrence of my mother and cousins.

“ As Don Zebonia had some affairs to transact in England, it was agreed that he, with my father and mother, should leave Auvignon the next week for England, and embark from thence to Spain. Don Zebonia had come, by way of Gibraltar, by sea to Naples, then, after spending some time at Naples and Rome, crossed the Alps to Auvignon.

“ After many intreaties and persuasive arguments, Madam Renneau prevailed on my mother to leave me behind her.— She took an affectionate leave of me, and felt happy in knowing that she left me with a relation who loved me with an affection equal to her own; and, as Madam Renneau had no children, her whole time and attention would be devoted to me.

“ On my parents leaving England, my grandfather again refused to part with my brother, and they went childless to Spain.

“ A young family coming on very fast, my brother and self were soon nearly forgotten.

“ Four years had I been the little idol of this worthy pair, when M. Renneau

died, after a short but severe illness.— This was a stroke too heavy for my dear mother (for at that time I knew no other); she was inconsolable for her loss, and lamented his death unceasingly.

“ A few months after, Madam Renneau found her health decline. I was all her care. She well knew that, being an English woman, and a Protestant, notwithstanding Monsieur Renneau was a native of Auvignon, the officers of government, at her death, would claim all her property, and grudgingly spare a scanty sum to lay her remains in the earth !

“ What then would become of me. She had, indeed, held a correspondence with my mother, who was happily settled in a distant part of Spain; but seldom received more than one letter in a year, and for the last two years no letter had passed between them: as to my grandfather, who had the care of my brother, she knew not where he lived.

“ She consulted with Father Clement, a Carthusian friar, and in his hands deposited a large sum of ready-money for my use. He was a worthy man, an ornament of society, and scrupulously faithful to the trust reposed in him.

“ I became his only care and treasure after the death of Madam Renneau, which took place in about eight months after that of her husband. I still remained under the care of the nurse who brought me up from the time of my birth.

“ The good Father Clement placed us in a little cottage, in the neighbourhood of Auvignon, and never failed seeing me once a day; our little cottage stood but a short mile from the convent.

“ I was too young to be sensible of the great loss I sustained in the death of Madam Renneau: the tender care of my nurse, and the fatherly affectionate watchfulness of the good friar, prevented me from feeling any worldly want, and effectually guarded me from every earthly danger, as far as mortal power could do it.

“ The good Margareta, my nurse, felt a stronger attachment to me the longer she attended me, and my forlorn unprotected state added to the claims I already had on her affections.

“ It was her duty, she would say, to take care of my soul, and it was her opinion that the Protestants certainly were not right in their belief on religious matters; therefore she determined to shew me



her road to heaven, and took me constantly to mass. She did not even give Father Clement an opportunity of putting his negative on it; a thing she never failed to do in every other respect.

“ She well knew how scrupulously exact he was in performing every wish of my departed friend and mother, Madam Renneau, and she also knew it was her great wish and desire that I should be instructed in the Protestant faith; so that my going to mass, and receiving instructions from a favourite abby of hers, was industriously concealed from him, till one day, in my innocent prattle, I discovered it to him. I remember he was displeased with my nurse, but at that time I knew not the cause. Thus did I live till the age of twelve years.

“ Father Clement one day took me into our parlour, and, seating me beside him, took hold of my hand, saying, ‘ My dear daughter, I believe you know but little of your family, or who your parents are.’

“ Are you not, then, my father?—said I.

“ No, my dearest Maria,” said the good man, ‘ I am not. I have ever watched you with the tender solicitude

of a parent, and till now have kept you ignorant of your family; but you are now arrived at an age when you may, in some degree, judge for yourself, and it is right you should know what expectations you have, and consult your inclinations as to your future life.

“ Father Clement then related to me all that he knew concerning my parents. He also gave me an exact account of all the money Madam Renneau left in his hands.

“ I was astonished at the relation, and shocked at the idea of having been so long neglected by my family. When I expressed my chagrin he forbid me to entertain the least thought or supposition that they acted wrong. ‘ Never doubt,’ said he, ‘ their paternal affection and regard till you have convincing proof of their neglect. The distance is great, and you know not what may have happened. Perhaps long ere this they cease to be, and are submitting, as is right, to a state of probation, by which they will be rendered worthy, and capable of bearing the great burst of light and glory that will break forth on the great day of judgment.

“ There is a very weighty affair, my dear Maria, I would recommend to your consideration : take time, and examine well the question and the cause.’

“ My dear Father, said I, what are you going to say? your preface terrifies me.

“ My dear child,’ answered he, ‘ I wish to make you happy here, and insure, as far as is in my power, your happiness hereafter. Know, then, that your father, mother, and the worthy Madam Renneau, were not of our church ; they were of the established church of England, known by the name of Protestants. You were baptised in that faith, and taught to repeat their prayers, until the death of Madam Renneau, when your nurse took you to her house and taught you to repeat ours.

“ Now, my dear daughter, I would have you determine whether you will continue to embrace our religion or that of your parents. If you decide on the former, I will place you in a convent to finish your education ; and then, if you should chuse a recluse’s life, the money you have will procure you a reception in any convent ; but if you should wish to return to the world again, it will

support you, or be of use to any worthy man you may wish to pass your life with. If you feel a wish to profess the Protestant religion, because it was the faith of your parents, do so. I will endeavour to trace out your grandfather, and send you to England, with the property you have, to claim his protection.'

"I could scarcely contain myself during this harangue; but when he proposed to send me from him my tears would flow.—'Will you part with me said I?' as well as I could, my sobs interrupting each word, 'and send me to a strange land and stranger people; I never can go. Is not the manner in which my nurse has taught me to address my God the same as you approve?—the faith she has instructed me in the same as you believe?—and can you believe in, or approve any thing that is wrong? No, impossible! Let me stay with you, and my dear Margaretta, and I shall be happy and content.'

"My dear Maria,' said Father Clement, tenderly embracing me, 'compose yourself, dry up your tears, you shall never leave me; if you are content and happy, I shall be so.' He then left me.

"I returned to the room in which my nurse was sitting. She saw I had been cry-

ing, and enquired the cause. My mind was all confusion. I could not for some time collect myself sufficiently to tell her. She was vexed at what Father Clement had done. When I asked her any questions concerning my parents, she appeared unwilling to satisfy me, and said she knew nothing.

“ A few weeks after this, Father Clement told me he had been speaking to the lady abbess of a neighbouring convent, and she wished to receive me as a boarder, and that the latter end of next week was fixed on for my removal.

“ Margaretta could not bear the idea of parting with me, and I was as unwilling to leave her; however, we soon prevailed on Father Clement (who in fact had no will but mine in things that concerned me) to let her go with me. He at first objected, saying it would lessen my money too much paying for her board; but she soon made it appear to him, that she would save me more than her board by her services. The dear man believed it, and we became inmates of the convent.

“ Margaretta's husband was in the army, and his regiment then lay at Paris, and she felt much happier with me than she should have done in the little cottage.

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“ In this convent I passed six happy years, daily dividing my time between the nuns, who alternately received me in their cell, the lady abbess, and Margaretta.

“ At the end of six years Margaretta’s husband returned to Auvignon with one of his officers, whose father was commandant of the town, and being taken ill he sent to Versailles for his son ; the regiment was at that time doing duty there.

“ Margaretta’s husband soon made a visit to the convent, and obtained leave of the abbess to take her to the cottage.—Gervoise was delighted to find me so much grown and improved, and could talk of nothing but me.

“ The next morning, as he was attending his officer, he was asked some questions respecting his wife, which naturally brought me the subject of their discourse. Gervoise related my little tale, and concluded by giving so flattering an account of my person, as excited in him a great desire to see me ; upon which Gervoise promised that in a few days he would bring him into my company.

“ At dinner Gervoise expressed a wish to Margaretta, that I would spend a day

with them. Margaretta, eager to oblige Gervoise in all things, flew to the convent. ‘Do, my dear child,’ said she, ‘gratify my old man.’ The tears stood in her eyes when she asked me.

“I told her nothing was wanting but Father Clement’s consent; that I should always be happy to oblige Gervoise.

“In the evening, I asked Father Clement if he would allow of my visit to the cottage. He said Gervoise was a worthy man and a good soldier; that he must be indulged, and he would take me to the cottage the next day himself.

“Every thing was ready for my reception; Gervoise treated me with great affection, and Margaretta overpowered me with kindness.

“After dinner, as we were sitting in the arbour, a favourite seat of mine, eating some fruit, a fine handsome young man, in undress regimentals, stopped at the gate.—‘My officer,’ said Gervoise. ‘Indeed,’ said Margaretta, ‘a la, I am such a figure;’ at the same time pulling down the frill of her jacket and adjusting her handkerchief.

“By this the officer walked up to the arbour. He saluted me in a very polite

manner, then gave Gervoise a letter, desired he would deliver it as directed, and said he would wait for an answer.

“ He soon began to converse familiarly with us, and I felt so much pleasure in his company, that I secretly wished Gervoise might be long before he returned.

“ My wishes were answered, for Father Clement came to conduct me to my convent before Gervoise returned. He was surprised at seeing the young soldier, which Margareta observing, told him the cause of his visit.

“ His unsuspecting heart never doubted the truth of it, and we all three believed that to be the effect of chance which, in fact, was the concerted plan of Gervoise and his master.

“ The young soldier paid great attention to Father Clement, and soon ingratiated himself in his favour. When Gervoise returned, I took my leave of my nurse.— Our new friend begged leave to accompany us, and ordered Gervoise to follow.

“ My mind was filled with the idea of this too charming young man. I saw him in my visions of the night, and he was constantly before my eyes in the day: the

thoughts of him obtruded at all times, and in my most serious moments he stood between me and my duty.

“ One day Father Clement spoke of his new friend in such terms as convinced me that he thought well of him ; and, after some little preface, told me that Monsieur du Saint had asked his permission to pay his addressees to me.

“ This,” said the good friar, “ I cannot object to, if it meets your wish. If this young man be such as you approve, and could pass your life with ; if the profession of a foldier has no terrors in it to you ; in short, if you should choose to give Monsieur du Saint the right of protecting you, you have my consent. But the term of your courtship must be short, as you, my dear Maria, have no mother under whose eye his visits can be received ; and it is not consistent with the rules of this convent for even boarders to receive male visitors, particularly in the character of a lover. I know no period of a woman’s life so dangerous as the moments she passes with her lover after she has avowed her tenderness for him, till the hour of becoming his wife.”

“ You are no doubt surprised to hear

such sentiments and opinions from an old recluse, who had been shut up for years within the cold and dreary walls of a convent; but his life had been chequered—misfortune had trod hard on his heels. In the course of my history I must relate his; it being so interwoven with mine, it is impossible to avoid it.

“ I frankly confessed to Father Clement, that I felt a great prepossession in favour of Captain du Saint; that he certainly was the only man I ever saw who had made the least impression on my heart; and that my mind had dwelt with delight on his idea ever since I saw him.

“ He praised my candour, and said he was glad to find me rise above the little arts and false delicacy of my sex; that it was an honour to every woman, and a compliment to her heart and understanding, candidly to own when she feels an attachment for a worthy man. ‘ And such,’ added he, ‘ I trust Frederic du Saint is.— I knew him when a boy, and loved him tenderly. The commandant sent him for education to Paris, and it is now sixteen years since I saw him last.



“ For family reasons,” continued he, “ the commandant and I have dropped all intercourse with each other, although in our youth we were inseparable friends.”

“ Here the dear man shed tears, and became almost inarticulate. When he recovered himself a little, he exclaimed—

“ O God! accept of my contrition!—For many years have I endeavoured to expiate my crime!—I will atone for the injury I have done the mother, by my attention to the son!”

“ This ejaculation, and the visible perturbation of his mind, excited my curiosity to know what distressed him. He evaded my question, and I soon forgot the circumstance in my own more momentous concerns.

“ When I was alone my mind was busy in retracing past scenes, and anticipating the future. I already fancied myself the happiest woman in the world.

“ The next day Father Clement and Frederic made me a visit; when the latter was introduced to me as my future husband.

“ Father Clement then left us together, and went to inform the abbess of my in-

tended marriage. She disapproved of what he had done, and said, he ought rather to have weaned me from the world, and made me a sister of that convent, than marry me to a foldier. She was sorry he had no more respect for the church than to give me up to the world.

“ The holy Father said, his conscience acquitted him, he felt he had done right, and that was enough.

Frederic did not let these moments pass unimproved; and when Father Clement returned, ‘ I was gone whole years in love,’ if you will allow me to use the expression of one of your English authors.

“ In three weeks after, Father Clement gave my hand to the delighted Frederic.— I felt my happiness supreme, and only wished it might be permanent.

“ I felt a little perplexed on account of not being introduced to Frederic’s father; nor could I account for it. Yet I dreaded to ask! it was a riddle I feared to solve; but I made myself content, hoping all was right, as Father Clement conducted the whole.

“ On the evening of my marriage day, when he was about to give us his blessing

and take his leave, I told him we wanted the blessing of another father to make our happiness complete, and declared my uneasiness at not having been presented to him.

“ Father Clement looked agitated, the tears swam in his eyes ; with a trembling hand he took mine and pressed it to his heart, ‘ My dear Maria,’ said he, in a faltering voice, ‘ do not let that grieve you : rest assured, that the father of Frederic loves you as ardently as I do !’

“ He turned quickly out of the room, repeating his benediction : the distress visible in his face affected me, but it was quickly forgot in the tender endearments of my Frederic.

The time of absence which my husband had obtained from his colonel being expired, we were busy in preparing for our journey to Paris. Margaretta begged to attend me, to which I had no objection ; but I felt the severest pangs at the thought of parting with Father Clement.

“ Two days before we left Auvignon, Frederic received an affectionate note from his father, inviting us to spend the remain-

der of our time with him. Father Clement was with us when the note was brought, and it was agreed that he should meet us on the morning that we left Auvignon, and go with us to Nîmes.

“ The commandant received us with great kindness, and we spent two happy days at his house.

“ On the second evening, after I had retired to my room, my father-in-law knocked at my chamber door, and desired to be admitted. ‘ I am come, my dear child,’ said he, ‘ to take my leave of you ; as you intend to begin your journey early, you will excuse my not rising.’ And after saying numberless kind things to me, begged I would make the duty of a wife my hourly study ; and added, that I was united to one of the worthiest and most amiable men in the kingdom, who was deserving of my kindest attention, and that his prayers should be daily offered up for our happiness.

“ He then presented me with a handsome pocket-book, begging I would accept it as a mark of his esteem, and bade me an affectionate adieu.

“ On opening the pocket-book I found an order on his banker for five hundred

louis. On the paper the order was wrapped in was wrote, 'Dear Maria, this small sum is for you ; use it with discretion, and always consider me your banker.' This mark of his father's kindness and generosity, gave Frederic the most heartfelt pleasure.

" The next morning we began our journey at an early hour. I left the house of Monsieur du Saint with some degree of regret ; but Frederic was in high spirits, and soon dispelled the weight which often oppresses the mind when the heart is overflowing with gratitude on leaving the house of a friend from whom unexpected favours have been received.

" At the place appointed we met Father Clement : he took his seat in the carriage, and heard with pleasure the kind reception I met with from M. du Saint.

" This was the first time I had been so long in a carriage since the death of Madam Renneau. When I arrived at Nismes I found myself much fatigued, and prevailed on Frederic to stay two days.

" Although weariness was my only excuse, yet, in fact, the pain I felt at the idea of bidding adieu to Father Clement for years, perhaps for ever, was the sole



cause of my wishing to prolong our stay at Nifines.

“ On the third morning we continued our journey. The separation from Father Clement was more than I could well bear; it was the first grief I ever felt.

## C H A P. XII.

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Oh ! the soft commerce, O ! the tender ties !  
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart,  
Which broken, break them, and drain off the soul  
Of human joy, and make it pain to live.  
And is it then to live ? when such friends part ;  
'Tis the survivor dies.

YOUNG.

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“ ON my arrival at Paris, I was obliged to apply to the milliner and tailor before I could be seen. Frederic lost no time in fixing me in a house, which he furnished with great taste ; and in less than a month I was introduced to all his friends.

“ Time flew imperceptibly away ; all was love, harmony, and uninterrupted pleasure ; weeks, months, passed on, and appeared but days. I constantly corresponded with Father Clement, and was frequently favoured with a letter from Monsieur du Saint.

“ In the second year of our marriage, I presented Frederic with a daughter ; but had the misfortune to lose her four months after.

“ In the third year, my husband arrived at the rank of colonel in the Guard du Corps. It then became necessary for me to pay my respects at Court. The king and queen received me graciously ; but being far advanced with my second child, on my third appearance I received permission to withdraw from court.

“ In a short time after I presented Frederic with a son, which gave him inexpressible pleasure ; and he sent off an express to inform his father of it, as also the good Father Clement.

“ Monsieur du Saint received the news joyfully, and desired he might not be baptized till his arrival at Paris, which would be in a few days. We had a splendid christening, and before my father left Paris he gave me a handsome present for my young Frederic.

“ The day after my dear boy was baptized, while I was engaged with the company, a courier arrived with a letter for me. On opening it, I found it came from my mother ; judge of my surprise ! Every line

breathed love and maternal affection. It stated, that she and my father were overjoyed at having traced and found a long lost daughter, and that in less than two hours they hoped to embrace me.

“ I attempted to write, but could not; therefore ordered the courier into the room, and gave him a verbal message. He saw, by the agitation I was in, that it was impossible for me to send any other.

“ As soon as he was gone, I sent a servant to the colonel, who was engaged with his soldiers, desiring he would come to me immediately. I knew so tender an interview would require his supporting presence; besides, I was desirous of presenting to my parents the most valuable treasure a woman can possess, a truly affectionate husband, a good father, a warm and sincere friend, and a worthy pious Christian. Such was my Frederic, and as such I wished my parents to receive him.

“ He instantly returned with the servant, and, on reading the letter which I put into his hand, for I could not articulate a word, he expressed much joy and surprise, and tenderly congratulated me on the prospect of so great an addition to my happiness.

“ In vain did I endeavour to compose my agitated nerves; my heart beat with such redoubled quickness, as the time of their visit drew nigh, that the palpitation became insupportably painful.

“ At length the servant announced their arrival. Frederic flew to meet them, and I had scarcely got half-way across the room when they entered. The meeting was tender on both sides, and when the first effusions of joy were over (which were vented in outward signs of sorrow) my mother desired to hear a detail of my life. I minutely related my story. They then expressed a great desire to see and thank Father Clement for his great care of me.

“ I knew nothing could induce him to make a visit to Paris, therefore it was agreed that they should take Auvignon in their way to Naples, at which place my father had some business to transact. On Margareta my mother was lavish with her presents and thanks.

“ What gave me the highest satisfaction was the attachment that appeared to take place between my parents and Frederic.— They passed near a month with us. On taking leave my mother gave me five hundred crowns, and my father settled with



the colonel how he should remit him three thousand crowns from Spain ; to which place they returned in a few months.

The son they left in England they found also married, with a family of three children, the eldest of which, my dear Henry, is your father. The son was in possession of all his grandfather's estate ; to him they wrote while at Paris, informing him of their having found me.

“ About three years after the departure of my parents, I was surprised by a visit from my grandfather and his family.— My brother had married a young lady, who, tho' English, was niece to Don Alvara, the Spanish ambassador to the court of France. My brother wished that Mrs. Guraville should pay her respects to her uncle, and that he should become personally known to a sister that, till within a few years, he had not heard of.

“ They spent three months of uninterrupted pleasure at my chateau, near Versailles, to which place the court was removed for the summer. Your father, my dear Henry, was near seven years old, his sisters were younger ; they died soon after their return.

“ I accompanied my brother and sister a few miles beyond Paris, on their return.

to England ; at parting we promised to correspond. I also promised to make a visit to England, and should have kept my word could Frederic have got leave of absence.

“ My time was pleasantly divided between the court and my domestic concerns ; yet I must own, that pleasure engrossed by far too much of my time. A brother so lately found, and so little known, was soon forgot ; two letters were all that ever passed between us.

“ Twelve years rolled on in a routine of pleasure and happiness, till a most alarming illness seized the father of my Frederic. He obtained leave of absence to attend his dying parent. I determined to accompany him, knowing that in so trying an hour, he would stand in need of comfort.

“ We set off instantly, with my little boy and Margaretta. On our arrival at Auvignon we found Monsieur du Saint given over by his physicians ; he lived but three days after.

“ A few hours before he died, he called for me, and desired the child to be brought to him. He kissed the little Frederic, then sent him out of the room. He held out his hand, I laid mine in it, which he pressed

gently to his lips, asking God to bless me, and begged me to continue to love my husband and son, then waved his hand for me to leave the room.

“ I was happy to obey, as I then could give vent to my tears, for my feelings grew painfully oppressive, from repressing them in the presence of the suffering worthy man.

“ My Frederic remained some time with his father, conversing and praying with him. Monsieur du Saint took from behind his pillow a large packet, tied and sealed. ‘ In this, my dear son,’ said he, ‘ is my will and a letter for Father Clement. I hope I have done what is just and right; after my decease send the letter as directed. God bless you; be faithful to my memory. Leave me, for I am inclined to sleep.’

“ After a slumber of about two hours, he awaked placid and calm. He again sent for Frederic, desired him to raise him up on the pillow, in doing which he expired in his arms.

“ The letter was sent immediately to Father Clement, who came and rendered us all the assistance in his power.

“ By his will, Monsieur du Saint left Frederic in full possession of all his estate and ready money. The estate was entailed

on my son. Frederic found his presence would be necessary for the arrangement of his affairs, which would require some time ; he therefore wrote to his general, informing him of his father's death, and, in an indirect manner, asked to succeed him in the command of the town.

“ The letter was shown to the king, and in a short time he was summoned to town, to resign his commission, and receive the appointment of commandant of Auvignon.

“ This news was received joyfully by me. The beauties of Auvignon, its shady walks, woods, and hills, had more charms in them, than all the pompous and splendid, but fatiguing and insipid pleasures of a court. Pleasures that satiate and pall ; a repetition of which debilitates the body, and renders the mind vapid and spiritless at least, if it does not vitiate and corrupt.— At the age of twenty-two I sought them with avidity ; but at thirty I turned from them with disgust.

“ It is impossible for me to describe, or you to imagine, happiness so supreme as mine. I was the adoration of the little world I moved in, my own family ; it was all the world I knew, and was comprised in four persons, besides my domestics. Margaretta I always looked upon as a parent.

“Of the love and obedience they paid me, I was as proud as ever a king was when he received the homage of a nation.

“Six years glided away in an uninterrupted series of pleasure and content, till it happened one morning that my husband, together with young Frederic, left Auvignon to make a visit to a gentleman for two days, who lived about ten leagues off.

“They chose to go on horseback, attended only by one servant. Their road lay through a forest of great extent. When they had rode into it about a league and a half, they heard a great rustling among the bushes, and in a few minutes five armed men made their appearance. They were part of a banditti that was known to infest a forest fifteen leagues from this, but had never committed any depredations so near Auvignon.

“The servant, as soon as he saw them, drew one of his pistols and fired at two that were endeavouring to stop his horse. One he killed on the spot, the other, from surprise, reeled and fell over the body of his companion, which gave the servant time to use his other pistol to the same effect.

“The other three were attempting to stop the horses of my husband and son.



Frederic's horse, being an high spirited animal, would not suffer the robbers to touch his bridle, but set off full speed with his master. During his horse's flight, my husband had the misfortune to strike his knee against a tree, which gave him extreme pain ; nor could he rein in his horse ; all his endeavours were in vain. The animal did not stop till he reached the gate of Auvignon.

“ Frederic was distracted to think that his son and servant were left to the mercy of the robbers, and instantly ordered a party of soldiers to their assistance.

“ The servant fought bravely, and defended himself against a third robber, while the other two were stripping my son. A company of peasants coming in sight, on their way to a village situated on the skirts of the forest, to partake of a festive dinner and dance, such as are often given here at the close of the vintage ; on their approach the villains fled, and in their haste dropped a great part of my son's cloaths.

“ The dear boy put on that part of his dress which they by accident had left behind, mounted his horse, and, in that half naked state, rode home. The peasants conducted them to the great road,

when they met the party of men who were coming to their assistance.

“ When I saw my husband return alone I was very much alarmed ; but when I heard the perilous situation he had left my child in, and the faithful Peter, a cold shivering ran through my veins, a violent tremor shook my whole frame, and I sunk senseless on the floor.

“ When life returned, and I opened my eyes, the first object I saw was my son watching over me. The joy affected me equal to the fright, and I fell into a second swoon.

“ On recovering again, I enquired for my Frederic, and was informed he had gone to rest, having received a blow on the knee.

“ I flew to his chamber, and found him in violent pain. The surgeon soon returned from visiting Peter, who, he said, had received a dreadful contusion on the head, and that already a violent fever had taken place, which excluded all hope of his recovery.

“ I immediately sent for a nurse to attend him. Myself and Margaretta never left my Frederic's room. I had a pallet brought in, on which we alternately rested.

“ My dear son was no otherwise hurt than from fright, of which he quite recovered the next morning; but my Frederic grew worse every hour.

“ On the third morning the faithful Peter expired. The death of this invaluable servant I felt severely; it would have afflicted me much more, had not my husband's alarming state of health engrossed my whole soul. I had no thoughts but of him.

“ On their next visit, the physicians hinted their doubts of his recovery. Nothing could equal the shock this information gave me. Still I did not render myself useless by yielding to extravagant grief, but if possible redoubled my attention.

“ Now my dear friends,” said the lady abbess (wiping away a tear of tender recollection), “ I promised to give you a little account of Father Clement's life, and I think it will be proper to introduce it at this period of my own. The bell now rings for vespers, I must attend.

“ This account was written by himself. He gave it to me the morning after the physicians had pronounced my husband in danger.

“ Take this my dear Maria,’ said he ‘ if Frederic is able to attend, read the contents of this paper to him ; but tell him I beg he will spare me !’ At the agitation which shook his whole frame I was astonished, and before I could ask one question he left me.

“ I hastened to the sick room, and found my husband much refreshed by a long sleep. I related to him what had passed between Father Clement and me.— Then broke the seal of this paper and read the contents.”

The lady abbess then left the gentlemen to peruse the sad story of Father Clement.— Lord Winnington undertook to read it.

“ MY DEAR FREDERIC,

“ This short account of my unhappy  
“ life, I have penned for your perusal.—  
“ I feel my health decaying hourly. I  
“ cannot support the thoughts of quitting  
“ this world and leave you ignorant that  
“ I stand nearly related to you. I was  
“ born near Bourdeaux, and cousin to the  
“ late worthy man who always avowed  
“ you as his son.  
“ We were related by male line, there-  
“ fore both bore the name of du Saint.—

“ As a strict intimacy and friendship subsisted between our friends, a reciprocal tenderness animated the bosoms of their children; some part of each day we always passed together. Isabella, his sister, frequently partook of our amusements.

“ At the age of sixteen I felt a tender attachment to my beautiful cousin, and seized the first opportunity of declaring it to her. She listened with pleasure, and, in the honest simplicity of her heart, owned an equal passion. Every hour that I could spare from study I passed with my lovely cousin, and her amiable brother.

“ We had frequent opportunities of indulging in little tenderesses, perfectly innocent in themselves, but which, in the course of time, were productive of the most fatal consequences.

“ Thus did time pass on. For two years our loves increased, and I thought it impossible to exist one day without seeing the too lovely Isabella. Our parents discovered and approved our love. They spoke with rapture of the happy prospect of our union, which was fixed by our

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“ parents to take place the first week in  
“ the approaching carnival.

“ One evening I went at the accustomed  
“ hour, and found her alone. Her father  
“ and brother were gone to a gala, to which  
“ she was invited, but pleaded indisposi-  
“ tion.

“ On your account, my dear cousin,  
“ said she, and looked unutterable things,  
“ did I form this excuse: in one hour  
“ spent with you I feel more delight than  
“ I could derive from the most splendid  
“ entertainments France can afford !”

“ This new and tender proof of her love  
“ threw me into an ecstasy. I pressed her  
“ ardently to my bosom, and she, in the  
“ honest fervour of her innocent love, re-  
“ turned the embrace.

“ Here, my dear Frederic ! *my son !* let  
“ me pass over that fatal night ! Suf-  
“ fice it to say, your birth was the con-  
“ sequence of our unpremeditated crime !  
“ In my cooler moments, I reflected on  
“ the past with horror. I daily saw the  
“ lovely Isabella ; but, though my love  
“ was not less violent, my confidence was  
“ greatly shaken.

“ Is it possible, enquired I to myself, is  
“ it possible that such an angel like form  
“ should be so frail !—can I expect that

“ a woman so regardless of her own honour, will respect that of her husband?

“ In fine, I yielded to the cruel, wretched sophistry. I expected, in tender, fond, affectionate woman, more than heroic firmness and resistance. My ideas of female virtue were carried to a romantic height. I thought nothing could be advanced to palliate my Isabella's fault, nor would I accuse myself of having that share in it which, to my shame, so justly attached to me.

“ With a heart full of love, and a head full of false ideas of virtue and honour, to support which I was well stored with sophistical logic, I left the dear devoted Isabella a prey to the bitterest anguish. Oh! accursed day! and more accursed wretch that I was!

“ I continued to rove from town to village. Each pleasure I partook of was insipid. My mind was restless and miserable; the image of the injured Isabella constantly pursued me! she haunted me in my dreams in the most ghastly forms and dreadful situations! Nothing could engage my attention for an instant: the recollection of her injuries haunted

“ me, and her lovely weeping form was  
“ ever present to my distracted thoughts.

“ Six months did I rove about a wretch-  
“ ed being, when I was seized with a vio-  
“ lent fever, the consequence of the per-  
“ turbed state of my mind. My life was  
“ despaired of. The good people, under  
“ whose care I was, sent for a worthy  
“ priest to confess me ; to him I opened  
“ the state of my soul, and the cause of my  
“ voluntary exile.

“ From this worthy man I received every  
“ comfort I could expect. He convinced  
“ me that Isabellea fell an innocent victim  
“ to my unwarrantable passion, and that I  
“ had added much to my first crime by  
“ meanly leaving her exposed to the re-  
“ sentment of her distressed, and perhaps  
“ enraged father.

“ He entreated me, as I valued the  
“ health of my soul, to return as soon as  
“ I was able, throw myself at her feet,  
“ and beg forgiveness of her and her  
“ family, and instantly make her my wife.  
“ The frequent exhortations of this good  
“ man greatly accelerated my recovery. I  
“ immediately returned, sought my uncle,  
“ entreated his forgiveness, and promised  
“ that every hour of my future life should  
“ be devoted to the suffering Isabellea.

“ He spurned me from him with indignation. I entreated her brother to shew me to his sister. He behaved to me with more kindness, and told me his sister had discovered her situation to her father some months before, and at that moment her life was despaired of.

“ This account drove me to a state of desperation. In less than three weeks after, you, my dear Frederic, first saw the light, and in a week after your angelic mother resigned her angel spirit!— Oh! my son! can you endure me?—can you look with complacence on the murderer of your mother? Yes, my Frederic! in me you behold your father! and the destroyer of your mother!

“ The account of your birth and your dear mother’s death was conveyed to me by your grandfather’s means; and, to heighten the distress which the melancholy event occasioned to me, her death was painted in the highest colours of refined misery human imagination could invent, and I was branded with the opprobrious titles of villain and murderer!

“ My uncle did not long survive his daughter. I urged my cousin to give

“ you up to my care ; but he sternly re-  
“ fused, which caused an altercation be-  
“ tween us, and we parted highly dis-  
“ pleased with each other.

“ My cousin vowed, in his passion, never  
“ to hold intercourse with me again, and  
“ secretly removed to Auvignon, where the  
“ melancholy story of his family was not  
“ known ; and there he passed for a young  
“ widower, and you his infant son.

“ The whole tenor of his life, and also  
“ his dying words, evinced the tender af-  
“ fection he felt for you. I made many  
“ attempts to see you, but in vain : the  
“ eagle-eyed vigilance with which you  
“ were watched could not be evaded.—  
“ Your nurse was proof against all my  
“ entreaties and bribes.

“ On my cousin’s removal, I caused him  
“ to be watched. In a few days my faith-  
“ ful spies returned and informed me where  
“ he had fixed his residence, probably for  
“ life. To which place I determined to  
“ follow him, and never lose sight of the  
“ habitation that sheltered my dear infant ;  
“ for whom I felt a father’s fondness.

“ Soon after my arrival here, I met a  
“ servant girl walking on the grand pro-  
“ menade with you in her arms. Although  
“ she was a stranger to me, yet a sudden



“ presentiment at my heart told me the  
“ child which she held in her arms was  
“ my son.

“ I admired the babe, and, after kissing  
“ it, enquired in a careless manner to whom  
“ it belonged ; ‘ Monsieur du Saint,’ said  
“ she, adding, that it was not her em-  
“ ploy to attend him ; that his nurse had  
“ been ill, but was getting better.

“ All the tender feelings of a father  
“ thrilled through my veins, and redoubled  
“ the palpitation of my heart. I pressed  
“ you to my breast, and bedewed your  
“ face with my tears. You smiled ; I  
“ felt it as a reproach. The strong re-  
“ semblance you bore to your mother struck  
“ me forcibly : all her injuries and suffer-  
“ ings rushed on my mind, and harrowed  
“ up my soul.

“ The contortion of my features, and  
“ the wild stare of my eyes, frightened the  
“ girl. She snatched you from my con-  
“ vulsive grasp, and left me precipitately.

“ The next morning, and many follow-  
“ ing ones, I sought in vain for the girl  
“ and her infant charge, and regretted  
“ sincerely that I did not take you from  
“ her when I had you in my arms.

“ During the first week of my solitude I  
“ formed a resolution of becoming a mem-

“ ber of the holy brotherhood of a Carthu-  
“ sian convent, and there expiate my sins,  
“ by devoting my life to heaven, and good  
“ works towards my fellow mortals. I  
“ wrote to this effect to my parents, and  
“ they approved of my design, justly ob-  
“ serving, that my injustice and cruelty to  
“ the lovely Isabella fully demanded such  
“ a sacrifice.

“ They sent me a letter of recommenda-  
“ tion to the abbot, who received me with  
“ every mark of respect. In the course  
“ of my noviciate I proved myself worthy  
“ of his friendship. I had frequently the  
“ happiness of seeing and sometimes play-  
“ ing with you in my walks, for our order  
“ does not inflict seclusion.

“ With pleasure I saw you grow up to  
“ the age of five years, when you went for  
“ education to Paris, and I saw you no  
“ more till that happy evening I met you  
“ in Margaretta’s garden. The day that I  
“ joined your fate to that of the beloved  
“ Maria was the only one of pure delight I  
“ have ever tasted since I parted with your  
“ dear mother. Little did I think when  
“ I was watching over the infant years  
“ of Maria that I was guarding the future  
“ wife of my beloved Frederic.

“ My dear son ! pity the faults of your  
“ father ! but do not despise him. Thus  
“ much may be allowed to extenuate my  
“ crimes : in the first instance, I was  
“ hurried on in the full tide of youth by  
“ the momentary impulse of passion ; in  
“ the second, but most accursed of all acts,  
“ I erred more from the head than the  
“ heart.

“ I have but one request to make, grant  
“ me that, and I shall die happy ! Receive  
“ me—embrace me as your father ! let me  
“ for once enjoy the indescribable pleasure  
“ of hearing you call me by that endearing  
“ name ; and let me die in the assurance of  
“ possessing your filial love.”

Lord Winington had not long concluded this little narrative when the lady abbess returned, and after a few comments on the unhappy life of Father Clement, she resumed her story.

“ The surprise which the contents of that paper gave my Frederic was very great ; but it had no visible effect on his disorder. He desired me to send for his father. He came ; but the scene was too moving for me to behold, and I left the room.

“ When I returned I found a placid serene smile pervade the countenance of both. ‘ Come, my daughter,’ said the good old man, holding out his hand, ‘ let me embrace you as the wife of my son ! This is the happy moment I have so long wished for. Many anxious hours have I spent, painfully divided between hope and fear.— Often have I formed resolutions, and as often have I broke them. I knew, I felt I was in full possession of your esteem ; to risk the loss of which I was unwilling. I was sensible the regard you felt for me exceeded common friendship, and feared the very means I took to heighten your endearing affection would deprive me of those favourable sentiments you then entertained of me ; but I am grateful and happy to find you still regard me beyond my hopes.’

“ Frederic appeared somewhat better all that day, and we flattered ourselves his disorder had taken a happy and an unexpected turn ; but, alas ! all our hopes vanished in the evening. His disorder returned with redoubled violence ; the fever rose to an alarming height ; it baffled the skill of the physicians, and on the third day my dear husband expired in the arms of his new found father.

“ This severe stroke on my dearest, tenderest affections, for a time deprived me of my reason, and nearly my existence. For days I kept my chamber, sensible to nothing but my irreparable loss ; nor could the presence of my son, or the good Father Clement rouse me, or for a moment arrest my attention. I was for weeks totally absorbed in grief.

“ The pious old man bowed with humble submission to the Divine will. He felt the full weight of his woes ; but murmured not : he kissed the rod of affliction ! and blessed the hand that dealt the salutary correction.

“ Had my Frederic lived,’ said the sorrowing old man, with a sigh, ‘ my happiness would have been too perfect. Yet, to what have I lived ? Just acknowledged and received as a father by the best of men, who pitied the frailties of my youth, commiserated my long suffering, and vowed to smooth, with the tender hand of filial affection, the rugged path of feeble age.— Why did I live to enjoy the delectable moments of embracing my Frederic as my son, and yielding to all the tender raptures and ecstatic feelings of a father, and indulging fond fancy in the fallacious hope that



each day, each future hour of my life, would be rendered delightful by the endearing society of my children! But, alas! how fragile is the basis on which we mortals build our hopes. O! Mother of God! O! Holy Virgin! teach me to bear my sorrows like a father and a Christian.'

"Thus did the good old man indulge for the first day of his trouble; but he sought the comforts of religion, and in that found relief from all his griefs. He turned all his thoughts on me and his dear grandson. After the first tumult of my unbounded sorrow had subsided, he begged to see me, and I found much comfort in his conversation.

"As soon as the obsequies were paid to the dear remains of my Frederic, I returned my thanks to the whole circle of my acquaintance for their kind enquiries, and declined seeing any company. My time was divided between my domestic concerns and the dear society of my father and son.

"Father Clement continued his instructions to Frederic till he was turned of nineteen. It then was thought necessary for him to extend his knowledge by travelling. A proper tutor was fixed on to attend him,

his grandfather thought no expence too much to render his travelling easy and pleasant.

“ As it was early in spring, it was determined that he should cross France to Germany, and pay his respects to the court of Vienna, to which he had letters ; then pass the Tyrol, and spend the winter in Italy.— He left me in good health and spirits ; nor did I much give way to the feelings of the mother till the chaise drove from the door : the movement of the wheels was a shock to my soul, and as their noise died on my ears, so sunk my spirits, and I fainted in my father’s arms.

“ Returning life was succeeded by strong hysterics, the consequence of disguising and suppressing my feelings till they became too strong for nature to oppose, and broke forth with redoubled violence on my shattered frame. The perturbed state of my mind was not to be calmed ; even the weighty arguments of Father Clement nearly failed.

“ On the third morning after their departure I received a letter from Frederic, one from Abby Longfrang, and two for Father Clement. This was the only balm for my mind.

“ His letter breathed nothing but filial love and affection. All he had seen was delightful, and he was full of gratitude to me and his grandfather (he always wrote to him as such, though his consanguinity to us was kept a secret), for having sent him on his travels, from which he hoped to derive much knowledge and pleasure. He also spoke in the highest terms of the Abby Longfrang. He promised to write every post.

“ Father Clement was my only companion: he always dined and spent the evening with me till the hour of vespers. Our dear absent boy was our constant subject; nothing afforded us a moment's conversation but him. If at any time we were led to discuss the subject of the day, we were insensibly led on till we found Frederic was the end of our discourse, whatever was the beginning.

“ Thus passed two years, when my happiness was one morning destroyed by the following letter:

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ By imprudently exploring the ancient ruins of Pestom, night came on

“ unexpectedly, and we were obliged to  
“ pass it in a hut, built to shelter the poor  
“ souls whose fate it is to watch the buf-  
“ fets.

“ Knowing the danger of falling asleep ;  
“ yet every endeavour to keep off the  
“ somnolence I felt myself inclined to, was  
“ in vain. I slept, as did the worthy  
“ Abby Longfrang, and we now feel the  
“ bad effects of the mal-aria, so fatal to the  
“ natives.

“ I am now, my dear mother, on my  
“ way to you. The Abby Longfrang stops  
“ at Rome, as it is impossible for him to  
“ travel.”

“ I was in a state of the most distressing  
uneasiness till he arrived, when the sight of  
him alarmed me exceedingly. His sunk  
eye and pallid cheek ; his skin had the ap-  
pearance and feel of parchment ; a white  
thick saliva worked out of the corners of  
his mouth, which, with the rotundity of  
his body, filled me at once with the idea of  
madness and poison.

“ The fever, my dear friends, that is  
caught by sleeping, in what the natives  
call the mal-aria, is of the intermitting

kind. It deceives and baffles the skill of the physicians, like your English ague, but is far more dangerous and fatal in its effects.

“ Every physician within fifty miles of Avignon, with one from Paris, were called in, and in the course of three months the fever yielded to the medicines ; but its concomitant effects could not be remedied. A rapid decline followed.

“ I attended him to Nice, but without effect. Travelling fatigued him ; he appeared restless and uneasy from his venerable grandfather. We returned home at his earnest desire. He grew worse : the good man and myself alternately watched by him day and night.

“ The third day of the seventh week, after our return home, he took a most affectionate leave of me and his grandfather, then fell into a sweet sleep, from which he only waked to say, ‘ God bless you !’ Held out a hand to each, and expired.

“ You, no doubt, my dear young friends, are surprised at my describing, so minutely, a scene so dreadfully melancholy, apparently unmoved : believe me, the recollection of the most trifling action of his sets



my feelings afloat ; and repeat but his name, and you touch the grand key that opens a source of the keenest anguish, and brings too forcibly to my mind the forlorn state of the childless widow, and the affecting sufferings of her only child.

“ Yet, long habituated to dwell on his sad story, I am at length become so far mistress of my feelings as not to let them be visible in my countenance. This I endeavoured to effect in kindness to those friends who indulged me with their attention, while I related the melancholy account of my life ; it is a kindness that no one would deny me, could they imagine the pleasure it affords me to repeat it ; it soothes my spirits, and leads my thoughts out of themselves.

“ Pardon this digression, and I will resume my tale of woe.

“ This second blow to our happiness was more than Father Clement could bear.— Scarce had the remains of my dear boy been laid by his father’s, which were, by the desire of Father Clement, deposited in the cemetery of his convent, when the good man sunk beneath this final stroke to all his earthly happiness.

“ I saw with terror the inroads grief was making on his health, and to bear him up I assumed a cheerfulness and tranquility I did not feel. I dreaded the moment—yet I saw it must come ; I saw that death ! insatiable death ! was not satisfied. I had another dear friend left, and he too must be torn from me.—Great God ! I would say, in my morning orisons, and my evening prayers, spare me this dear—this only—this invaluable friend ! My prayers did not avail. He was taken from me. My cup of woe was *full* !

“ I saw myself alone in the world, a forlorn miserable being. When I was sufficiently recovered from this last affliction to think a moment on myself, I determined to seek an asylum in some happy sisterhood. What convent to make choice of I knew not ; none in, or near Auvignon, did I approve.

“ While I was in this unsettled state, Abby Longfrang arrived ; the sight of him renewed my sorrows. He was ignorant of the fate of his pupil, for, in my greater griefs, the uneasiness I should have felt on his account was lost ; nor did I once think of writing to him. In the account of my

son's death, he said, he read his own sentence.

“ Abby Longfrang entered into the settling of my affairs with all the avidity his health would admit. I found him a man of sense, honour and integrity ; he appeared interested in all that concerned me, and I appointed him my steward, which office he accepted with gratitude. He directed me in my choice of a convent, and I did not make my vows till I had been here two years.

“ I felt much attached to the abbess and sisters in general. In their society I regained that tranquility of mind, which in the world would hourly have been disturbed by objects familiar to the eye ; objects admired and enjoyed in happier days, when blessed with the society of the friends of my soul—friends on whose memory I delight to contemplate.

“ To this solitude I owe the power of contemplating, to acquire that happy composure to which I am arrived, for in the world it would have been impossible ; surrounded by a crowd of busy envious friends (for under that specious name they fill your chamber), and, with an unfeeling impertinence, talk over the cause of your

grief, tear open your wounds, and probe them to the very source, till the mind is pained, and the already too oppressed heart sinks from their harsh and coarse attempts to enliven it.

“ In this retreat my sorrows were left to subside of themselves. My time was divided between my religious duties and the society of the sisters. The salutary effects of their conversation I soon felt; my mind was restored to its natural strength. I did not forget the past, yet the recollection diffused a melancholy pleasure through my soul, dilated my heart, and led my thoughts to the blest abodes of the dear departed spirits, whose loss I silently lamented.

“ The good Abby Longfrang faithfully executed the trust reposed in him for five years, during which time he was daily sinking under a slow hectic fever, which at last terminated in his death.

“ The person in whose hands he deposited the papers of my estate has continued to manage it with equal honour and probity. It is upwards of twenty years since I made this convent my residence, and the happy hours, my dear friends, I have passed in your company have, in some degree, recalled me to the world.

I have thought a little on my pecuniary affairs, and have made my will. Although I breathe happily the air of Nismes, yet when the great God of my salvation sees fit to call me to a state of heavenly probation, it is my wish that my body should be laid in the same grave with my husband, son, and father."

As the lady abbess concluded her history, she dropped a second tear to the memory of her never to be forgotten friends. The magnanimity with which she sustained her sorrows—the religious serenity that pervaded her fine countenance, added such a dignity to her person as to make her appear a being of superior order, and impressed the hearts of all who conversed with her with devout respect.

Henry, whose fine feelings were wrought up to pity's softest tones, whose sympathetic soul melted at a tale of woe, caught the tender infection, and in each eye trembled the redundant crystal fluid. His aunt held out her hand in token of gratitude for his sensibility. He took the offered hand, fell on his knee, and pressed it tenderly to his lips with respectful warmth.

His youth, his fine form, and tender pressure, brought back her Frederic and for-



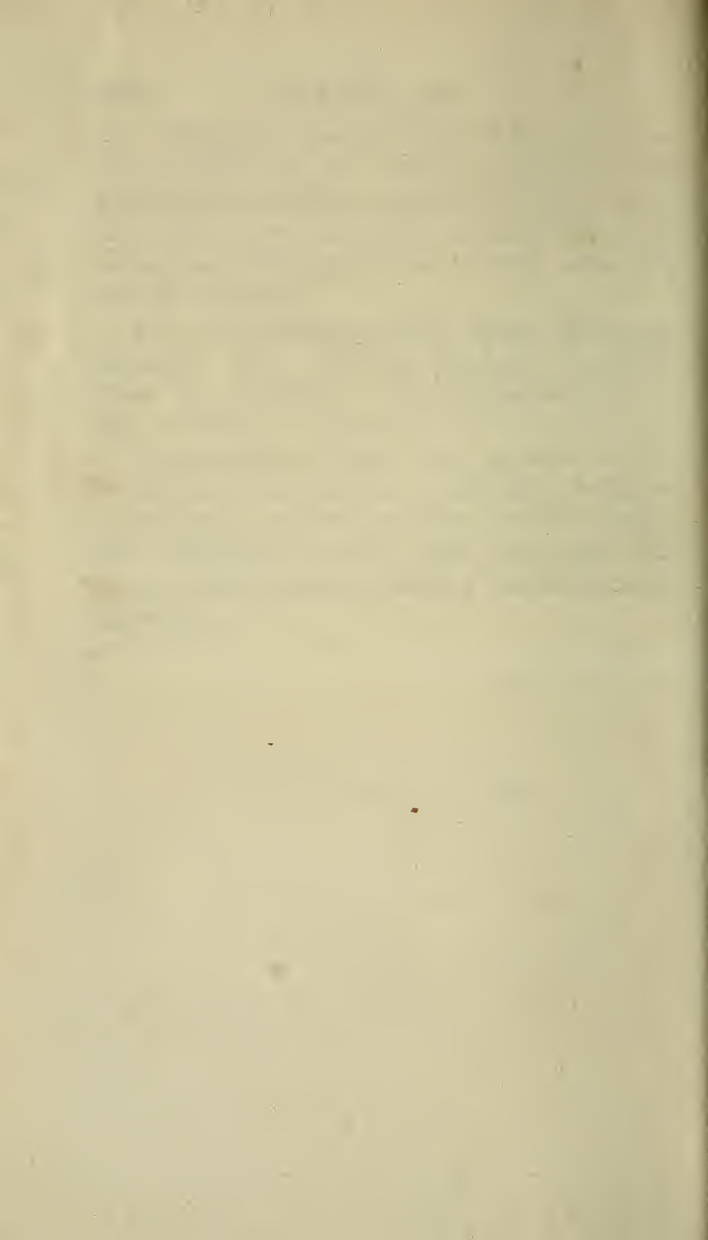
mer happiness too forcibly to her mind.—The conflict in her breast was great, and notwithstanding her apparent religious firmness, her eyes too plainly evinced the character and feelings of the mother were not wholly subdued.

Lord Winnington raised Henry from the ground. Mr. Hill led Madam du Saint from the parlour, and committed her to the care of two nuns.

After waiting some time in anxious expectation of her return, a lay sister brought a message, requesting they would excuse her returning for the night, and that she begged they would breakfast with her next morning.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.







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